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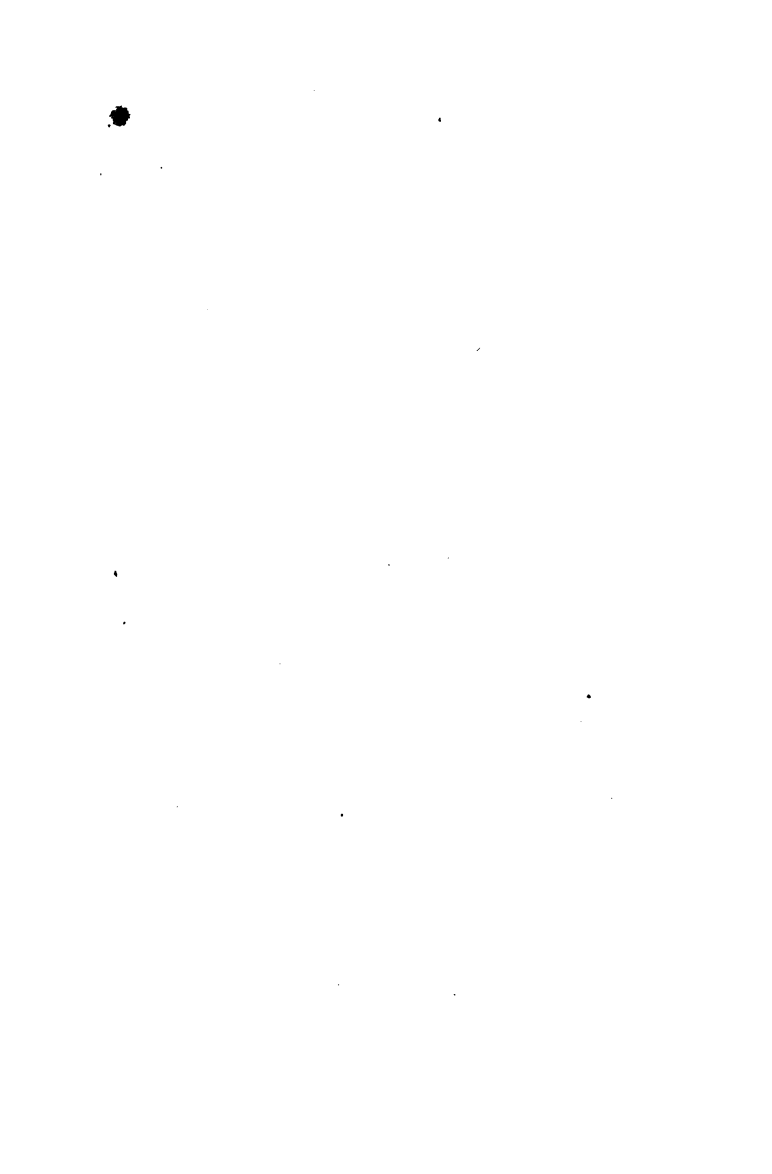
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GEORGE AND HIS DOG BRUNO.

B R U N O.

LESSONS OF FIDELITY, PATIENCE,

AND

SELF-DENIAL,

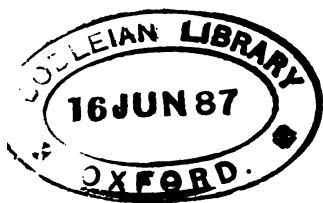


TAUGHT BY A DOG.

LONDON:

DARTON AND Co., HOLBORN HILL.

1855.



BRUNO;
OR,
LESSONS OF PATIENCE, FIDELITY,
AND
SELF-DENIAL,
TAUGHT BY A DOG.

BY
JACOB ABBOTT,
AUTHOR OF "THE YOUNG CHRISTIAN," ETC., ETC.

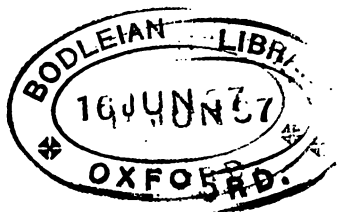
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PREFACE.

GREAT improvements have been made within a few years past in the means and appliances of the typographical art, and of the accumulation of facilities and resources, not only for the manufacture of interesting and instructive works for the young in an attractive form, and their embellishment with every variety of illustration, but also for the circulation of them in the widest manner throughout the land.

The end and aim of this volume is to impart useful knowledge, to develop the thinking and reasoning powers, to teach a correct and discriminating use of language; to present models of good conduct for imitation, and bad examples to be shunned; to explain and enforce the highest principles of moral duty; and, above all, to awaken and cherish the spirit of humble and unobtrusive, but heartfelt piety.

BRUNO.

THE COMBAT WITH THE WOLF.

IN the night, a hunter, who lived in a cottage among the Alps, heard a howling.

"Hark!" said he, "I heard a howling."

His wife raised her head from the pillow to listen, and one of the two children, who were lying in a little bed in the corner of the room, listened too. The other child was asleep.

"It is a wolf," said the hunter.

"In the morning," said the hunter, "I will take my spear, and my sheath-knife, and Bruno, and go and see if I cannot kill him."

Bruno was the hunter's dog.

The hunter and his wife, and the child that was awake listened a little longer to the howling of the wolf, and then, when at length the sounds died away, they all went to sleep.

In the morning the hunter took his spear, and his sheath-knife, and his hunting-horn besides, and then, calling Bruno to follow him, went off among the rocks and mountains to find the wolf.

While he was climbing up the mountains by a steep and narrow path, he thought he saw something black moving among the rocks at a great distance across the valley. He stopped to look at it. He looked at it very intently.

At first he thought it was the wolf. But it was not the wolf.

Then he thought it was a man. So he blew a loud and long blast with his horn. He thought that if the moving thing which he saw were another man, he would answer by blowing *his* horn, and that then, perhaps, he would come and help him to hunt the wolf. He listened, but he heard no reply. He heard nothing but echoes.

By-and-by he came to a stream of water. It was a torrent, flowing wildly among the rocks and bushes.

"Bruno," said the hunter again, "how shall we get across this torrent?"

Bruno stood upon a rock, looking at the torrent very earnestly.

"Bruno," said the hunter again, "how shall we get across this torrent?"

Bruno barked.

The hunter then walked along for some distance on the margin of the stream, and presently came to a place where there was a log lying across it. So he and Bruno went over on the log. Bruno ran over at once. The hunter was at first a little afraid to go, but at last he ventured. He got across in safety. Here the hunter stopped a few minutes to rest.

He then went on up the mountain. At last Bruno began to bark and to run on forward, looking excited and wild. He saw the wolf. The hunter hastened forward after him, brandishing his spear. The wolf was in a solitary place, high up among the rocks. He was gnawing some bones. He was gaunt and hungry. Bruno attacked him, but the wolf was larger and stronger than he, and threw him back with great violence against the ground. The dog howled with pain and terror.

The man thrust the spear at the wolf's mouth, but the ferocious beast evaded the blow, and seized the shaft of the spear between his teeth. Then the great combat came on. Very soon the dog sprang up and seized the wolf by the throat, and held him down, and finally the man killed him with his spear.

Then he took his horn from his belt, and blew a long and loud blast in token of victory.

He took the skin of the wolf, and carried it home. The fur was long, and gray in colour. The hunter tanned and dressed the skin, and made it soft like leather. He spread it down upon the floor before the fire in his cottage, and his children played upon it. Bruno was accustomed to lie upon it in the evening. He would lie quietly there for a long time, looking into the fire, and thinking of the combat he had with the savage monster that originally wore the skin, at the time when he fought him on the mountains, and helped the hunter to kill him.

The hunter and the hunter's children liked Bruno very much before, but they liked him more than ever after his combat with the wolf.

COMBAT WITH A BOAR.

SOME wild animals are so ferocious and strong that it requires several dogs to attack and conquer them. Such animals are found generally in remote and uninhabited districts, among forests and mountains, or in countries inhabited by savages.

The wild boar is one of the most terrible of these animals. He has long tusks projecting from his jaws. These serve him as weapons in attacking his enemies, whether dogs or men. He roams in a solitary manner among the mountains, and though he is very fierce and savage in his disposition, he will seldom molest any one who does not molest him. If, when he is passing along through the forests, he sees a man, he pays no regard to him, but goes on in his own way. If, however, when he is attacked by dogs, and is running through the forest to make his escape, he meets a man in his way, he thinks the man is the hunter that has set the dogs upon him, or at least that he is his enemy. So he rushes upon him with terrible fury, and kills him—sometimes with a single blow—and then, trampling over the dead body, goes on bounding through the thickets to escape from the dogs.

Wild boars often have dreadful combats with each other. The weapons with which they fight are sharp tusks growing out of the under jaw. With these tusks they can inflict dreadful wounds.

Savages, when they attack the wild boar, arm them-

selves with spears, and station themselves at different places in the forest, where they think the boar will pass. Sometimes they hide themselves in thickets, so as to be ready to come out suddenly and attack the boar when the dogs have seized him.

Savages use the skins of beasts for clothing, because they do not know how to spin and weave.

But we must now go back to Bruno, the Alpine hunter's dog that killed the wolf, and who used afterward to sleep before the fire in the hunter's cottage on the skin.

J O O L Y.

BRUNO's master lived among the Alps. The Alps are very lofty mountains in Switzerland and Savoy.

The upper portions of these mountains are very rocky and wild. There are crags, and precipices, and immense chasms among them, where it is very dangerous for any one to go. The hunters, however, climb up among these rocks and precipices to hunt the chamois, which is a small animal, much like a goat in form and character. He has small black horns, the tips of which turn back.

The chamois climbs up among the highest rocks and precipices to feed upon the grass which grows there in the little nooks and corners. The chamois hunters climb up these after him. They take guns with them, in order to shoot the chamois when they see one.

In the summer season, the valleys among these Alpine mountains are very delightful. The lower slopes of them are adorned with forests of fir and pine, which alternate with smooth, green pasturages, where ramble and feed great numbers of sheep and cows. Below are rich and beautiful valleys, with fields full of flowers, and cottages, and pretty little gardens, and every thing else that can make a country pleasant to see and to play in. There are no noxious or hurtful animals in these valleys, so that there is no danger in rambling about anywhere in them, either in the fields or in the groves. They *must take care of the wet places, and of the thorns that hide among the roses*, but beyond these dangers there is

nothing to fear. In these valleys, therefore, the youngest children can go into the thickets to play or to gather flowers without any danger or fear; for there are no wild beasts, or noxious animals, or poisonous plants there, or anything else that can injure them.

Thus the country of the Alps is very pleasant in summer, but in winter it is cold and stormy, and all the roads and fields, especially in the higher portions of the country, are buried up in snow. Still, the people who live there must go out in winter, and sometimes they are overtaken by storms, and perish in the cold.

Once Bruno saved his master's life when he was thus overtaken in a storm. The baby was sick, and the hunter thought he would go down in the valley to get some medicine for him. The baby was in a cradle. His grandmother took care of him and rocked him. His mother was at work about the room, feeling very anxious and unhappy. The hunter himself, who had come in tired from his work a short time before, was sitting in a comfortable easy-chair which stood in the corner by the fire. The head of the cradle was near the chair where the hunter was sitting.

"George," said the hunter's wife, "I wish you would look at the baby."

George leaned forward over the head of the cradle, and looked down upon the baby.

"Poor little thing!" said he.

"What shall we do?" said his wife. As she said this she came to the cradle, and, bending down over it, she moved the baby's head a little, so as to place it in a

more comfortable position. The baby was very pale, and his eyes were shut. As soon as he felt his mother's hand upon his cheek, he opened his eyes, but immediately shut them again. He was too sick to look very long even at his mother.

"Poor little thing!" said George again. "He is very sick. I must go to the village and get some medicine from the doctor."

"Oh no!" said his wife. "You cannot go to the village to-night. It is a *dreadful* storm."

"Yes," said the hunter, "I know it is."

"The snow is very deep, and it is drifting more and more," said his wife. "It will be entirely dark before you get home, and you will lose your way, and perish in the snow."

The hunter did not say anything. He knew very well that there would be great danger in going out on such a night.

"You will get lost in the snow, and die," continued his wife, "if you attempt to go."

"And baby will die, perhaps, if I stay at home," said the hunter.

The hunter's wife was in a state of great perplexity and distress. It was hard to decide between the life of her husband and that of her child. While the parents were hesitating and looking into the cradle, the babe opened its eyes, and, seeing its father and mother there, tried to put out its little hands to them as if for help, but finding itself too weak to hold them up, it let them drop again, and began to cry.

"Poor little thing!" said the hunter. "I'll go—I'll go."

The mother made no further objection. She could not resist the mute appeal of the poor helpless babe. So she brought her husband his coat and cap, and forced her reluctant mind to consent to his going.

It was strange, was it not, that she should be willing to risk the life of her husband, who was all the world to her, whose labour was her life, whose strength was her protection, whose companionship was her solace and support, for the sake of that helpless and useless baby?

It was strange, too, was it not, that the hunter himself, who was already almost exhausted by the cold and exposure that he had suffered during the day, should be willing to go forth again into the storm, for a child that had never done anything for him, and was utterly unable to do anything for him now? Besides, by saving the child's life, he was only compelling himself to work the harder, to procure food and clothing for him while he was growing up to be a man.

What was the baby's name?

His name was Jooly.

At least they called him Jooly. His real name was Julien.

When the hunter was all ready to go, he came to the cradle, and, putting his great rough and shaggy hand upon the baby's wrist, he said,

"Poor little Jooly! I will get the doctor himself to come and see you, if I can."

So he opened the door and went out, leaving Jooly's

grandmother rocking the cradle, and his mother at work about the room as before.

When the hunter had gone out and shut the door, he went along the side of the house till he came to a small door leading to his cow-house, which was a sort of small barn.

He opened the door of the cow-house and called out "BRUNO !"

Bruno, who was asleep at this time in his bed, in a box half filled with straw, started up on hearing his master's voice, and, leaping over the side of the box, came to his master in the storm.

Bruno was glad to be called. And yet it was a dark and stormy night. The wind was blowing, and the snow was driving terribly. On the other hand, the bed where he had been lying was warm and comfortable. The cow was near him for company. He was enjoying, too, a very refreshing sleep, dreaming of races and frolics with other dogs on a pretty green. All this repose and comfort were disturbed. Still, Bruno was glad. He perceived at once that an unexpected emergency had occurred, and that some important duty was to be performed. Bruno had no desire to lead a useless life. He was always proud and happy when he had any duty to perform, and the more important and responsible the duty was, the more proud and happy it made him. He cared nothing at all for any discomfort, fatigue, or exposure that it might bring upon him.

Some boys are very different from Bruno in this respect. They do not share his noble nature. They

ever like duty. All they like 'is ease, comfort, and leasure. When any unexpected emergency occurs, and they are called to duty, they go to their work with great reluctance, and with many murmurings and repinings, as if to do duty were an irksome task. I would give a great deal more for a *dog* like Bruno than for such a boy.

Bruno and his master took the road which led to the village. The hunter led the way, and Bruno followed. The road was steep and narrow, and in many places the ground was so buried in snow that the way was very difficult to find. Sometimes the snow was very soft and deep, and the hunter would sink into it so far that he could scarcely advance at all. At such times Bruno, being lighter and stronger, would wallow on through the drift, and then look back to his master, and wait for him to come, and then go back to him again, looking all the time at the hunter with an expression of animation and hope upon his countenance, and wagging his tail, as if he were endeavouring to cheer and encourage him. This action had the effect, at any rate, of encouragement. It cheered the hunter on; and so, in due time, they both arrived safely at the village.

The doctor concluded, after hearing all about the case, that it would not be best for him to go up the mountain; but he gave the hunter some medicine for the baby. The medicine was put in a phial, and the hunter put the phial in his pocket. When all was ready, the hunter set out again on his return home.

It was much harder going up than it had been to

come down. The road was very steep. The snow, too, was getting deeper every hour. Besides, it was now dark, and it was more difficult than ever to find the way.

At last, when the hunter had got pretty near his own cottage again, his strength began to fail. He staggered on a little farther, and then he sank down exhausted into the snow. Bruno leaped about him, and rubbed his head against his master's cheek, and barked, and wagged his tail, and did every thing in his power to encourage his master to rise and make another effort. At length he succeeded.

"Yes," said the hunter, "I'll get up, and try again."

So he rose and staggered feebly on a little farther. He looked about him, but he could not tell where he was. He began to feel that he was lost. Now, whenever a man gets really lost, either in the woods or in the snow, a feeling of great perplexity and bewilderment generally comes over his mind, which almost wholly deprives him of the use of his faculties. The feeling is very much like that which one experiences when half awake. You do not know where you are, or what you want, or where you want to go. Sometimes you scarcely seem to know who you are. The hunter began to be thus bewildered. Then it was bitter cold, and he began to be benumbed and stupefied.

Intense cold almost always produces a stupefying effect, when one has been long exposed to it. The hunter knew very well that he must not yield to such a feeling as this, and so he forced himself to make a new effort. But the snow seemed to grow deeper and deeper,

and it was very hard for him to make his way through it. It was freshly fallen, and, consequently, it was very light and soft, and the hunter sunk down in it very far. If he had had snow shoes, he could have walked upon the top of it; but he had no snow shoes.

At last he became very tired.

"Bruno," said he, "I must lie down here, and rest a little before I can go on any further."

But Bruno, when he saw his master preparing to lie down, jumped about him, and barked, and seemed very uneasy. Just then the hunter saw before him a deep black hole. He looked down, and saw that it was water. Instead of being in the road, he was going over some deep pit filled with water, covered, except in one place, with ice and snow. He perceived that he had had a very narrow escape from falling into this water, and he now felt more bewildered and lost than ever. He contrived to get by the dangerous hole, feeling his way with a stick, and then he sank down in the snow among the rocks, and gave up in despair.

And yet the house was very near. The chimney and the gable end of it could just be distinguished in the distance through the falling snow. Bruno knew this and he was extremely distressed that his master should give up when so near reaching home. He lay down in the snow by the side of his master, and putting his paw over his arm, to encourage him and keep him from absolute despair, he turned his head toward the house, and barked loud and long, again and again, in hopes of *bringing somebody to the rescue.*

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It is extremely dangerous to lie down to sleep in the snow in a storm. People that do so usually never wake again. They think, always, that they only wish to rest themselves, and sleep a few minutes, and that then they will be refreshed, and be ready to proceed on their journey. But they are deceived. The drowsiness is produced not by the fatigue, but by the cold. They are beginning to freeze, and the freezing benumbs all their sensations. The drowsiness is the effect of the benumbing of the brain.

Sometimes, when several persons are travelling together in cold and storms, one of their number, who may perhaps be more delicate than the rest, and who feels the cold more sensibly, wishes very much to stop a few minutes to lie down and rest, and he begs his companions to allow him to do so. But they, if they are wise, will not consent. Then he sometimes declares that he *will* stop, at any rate, even if they do not consent. Then they declare that he shall not, and they take hold of his shoulders and arms to pull him along. Then he gets angry, and attempts to resist them. The excitement of this quarrel warms him a little, and restores in some degree his sensibility, and so he goes on, and his life is saved. Then he is very grateful to them for having disregarded his remonstrances and resistance, and for compelling him to proceed. Children, in the same way, often complain very strenuously of what their parents and teachers require of them, and resist and contend against it as long as they can ; and then, if their parents persevere, they are afterward,

when they come to perceive the benefit of it, very grateful.

But now we must return to the story.

The hunter's family heard the barking in the house. They all immediately went to the door. One of the children opened the door. The gusts of wind blew the snow in her face, and blinded her. She leaned back against the door, and wiped the snow from her face and eyes with her apron. Her grandmother came to the door with a light, but the wind blew it out in an instant. Her mother came too, and for a moment little Jooly was left alone.

"It is my husband!" she exclaimed. "He is dying in the snow! Mercy upon us! What will become of us?"

"Give me the cordial," said she. "Quick!"

So saying, she turned to the shelves, and hastily taking down a bottle containing a cordial, which was always kept there ready to be used on such occasions, she rushed out of the house. She shut the door after her as she went, charging the rest, with her last words, to take good care of little Jooly.

Of course, those that were left in the cottage were all in a state of great distress and anxiety while she was gone—all except two, Jooly and the puss. Jooly was asleep in the cradle. The puss was not asleep, but was crouched very quietly before the fire in a warm and bright place near the grandmother's chair. She was looking at the fire, and at the kettle which was boiling upon it, and wondering whether they would give her a

piece of the meat by-and-by that was boiling in ~~the~~ kettle for the hunter's supper.

When the hunter felt the mouth of the cordial bottle pressed gently to his lips, and heard his wife's voice calling to him, he opened his eyes and revived a little. The taste of the cordial revived him still more. He was now able to rise, and when he was told how near home he was, he felt so cheered and encouraged by the intelligence that he became quite strong. The company in the house were soon overjoyed at hearing voices at the door, and on opening it, the hunter, his wife, and Bruno all came safely in.

Jooly took the medicine which his father brought him, and soon got well,





THE EMIGRANTS.

THE hunter, Bruno's master, emigrated to America, and when he went, he sold Bruno to another man. A great many people from Europe emigrate to America.

To emigrate means to move from one country to another. The people in Europe come from all parts of the interior down to the sea-shore, and there embark in great ships to cross the Atlantic Ocean. A great many come in the same ship. While they are at sea, if the weather is pleasant, these passengers come up upon the deck, and have a very comfortable time. But when it is cold and stormy, they have to stay below, and they become sick, and are very miserable. They cannot stay on deck at such times on account of the sea, which washes over the ship, and often keeps the decks wet from stem to stern.

When the emigrants land in America, some of them remain in the cities, and get work there if they can. Others go to the West to buy land.

The voyage which the emigrants have to take is very long. It is three thousand miles from England to America, and it takes oftentimes many weeks to accomplish the transit. Sometimes, during the voyage the breeze is light, and the water is smooth, and the ship glides very pleasantly and prosperously on its way. Then the emigrants pass their time very agreeably. They come up upon the decks, and look out upon the water,

they talk, or sew, or play with the children—and enjoy, in fact, almost as many comforts and pleasures as if they were at home on land.

Thus, when the weather is fair, the emigrants pass their time very pleasantly. They amuse themselves on the decks by day, and at night they go down into the cabins, which are below the deck of the ship, and there they sleep.

But sometimes there comes a storm. The wind increases till it becomes a gale. Clouds are seen scudding swiftly across the sky. Immense billows, rolling heavily, dash against the ship, or chase each other furiously across the wide expanse of the water, breaking every where into foam and spray. The winds howl fearfully in the rigging, and sometimes a sail is burst from its fastenings by the violence of it, and flaps its tattered fragments in the air with the sound of thunder.

While the storm continues, the poor emigrants are obliged to remain below, where they spend their time in misery and terror. By-and-by the storm subsides, the sailors repair the damages, and the ship proceeds on her voyage.

When the emigrant and his family have landed in America, they will take another wagon, and go back into the country till they come to the place where they are going to have their farm. There they will cut down the trees of the forest, and build a house of logs. Then they will plow the ground, and sow the seeds, and make the farm. By-and-by they will gain enough by their industry to build a better house, and to fit it with convenient



EMIGRANT SHIP ON FIRE.



and comfortable furniture, and thenceforward they will live in plenty and happiness.

All this time they will take great care of their young boys, George and Benny, so that they shall not come to any harm. They will keep them warm in the wagon, and they will watch over them on board the ship, and carry them in their arms when they walk up the hills, in journeying in America, and make a warm bed for them in their house, and take a great deal of pains to have always plenty of good bread for them to eat, and warm milk for them to drink. They will suffer, themselves, continual toil, privation, and fatigue, but they will be very careful not to let the children suffer anything if they can possibly help it.

By-and-by, when Benny and George grow up, they will find that their father lives upon a fine farm, with a good house and good furniture, and with every comfort around them. They will hardly know how much care and pains their father, and mother, and grandmother took to save them from all suffering, and to provide for them a comfortable and happy home. How ungrateful it would be in them to be unkind or disobedient to their father, and mother, and grandmother, when they grow up.

GOING ALONE.

SOMETIMES, when a man is intending to emigrate to America, he goes first himself alone, in order to see the country, and choose a place to live in, and buy a farm, intending afterwards to come back or send for his family. He does not take them with him at first, for he does not know what he should do with his wife and all his young children while he is travelling from place to place to view the land.

When the emigrant goes first alone in this way, leaving his family at home, the parting is very sorrowful. His poor wife is almost broken-hearted. She gathers her little children around her, and clasps them in her arms, fearing that some mischief may befall their father when he is far away, and that they may never see him again. The man attempts to comfort her by saying that it will not be long before he comes back, and that then they shall never more be separated. His oldest boy stands holding his father's staff, and almost wishing that he was going to accompany him. He turns away his face to hide his tears. As for the dog, he sees that his master is going away, and he is very earnestly desirous to go too. In fact, they know he *would* go if he were left at liberty, and so they chain him to a post to keep him at home.

It is a hard thing for a wife and a mother that her husband should thus go away and leave her, to make so

g a voyage, and to encounter so many difficulties and dangers, knowing, as she does, that it is uncertain whether he will ever live to return. She bears the pain of this parting out of love to her children. She thinks that their father will find some better and happier home than in the New World, where they can live in plenty, and where, when they grow up, and some men and women, they will be better provided than they were in their native land.

THE SILVER BOWL STOLEN.

BRUNO belonged to several different masters in the course of his life. He was always sorry to leave his old master when the changes were made, but then he yielded to the necessity of the case in these emergencies with a degree of composure and self-control, which, in a man, would have been considered quite philosophical.

The hunter of the Alps, whose life Bruno had saved, resolved at the time that he would never part with him.

"I would not sell him," said he, "for fifty pounds."

However, notwithstanding this resolution, the hunter found himself at last forced to sell his dog. He had concluded to emigrate to America. He found, on making proper inquiry and calculation, that it would cost a considerable sum of money to take Bruno with him across the ocean. In the first place, he would have to pay not a little for his passage. Then, besides, it would cost a good deal to feed him on the way, both while on board the ship and during his progress across the country. The hunter reflected that all the money which he should thus pay for the dog would be so much taken from the food, and clothing, and other comforts of his wife and children. Just at this time a traveller came by who offered to buy the dog, and promised always to take most excellent care of him. So the hunter sold him, and the traveller took him away.

Bruno was very unwilling at first to go away with the stranger. But the hunter ordered him to get into the

gentleman's carriage, and he obeyed. He looked out behind the carriage as they drove away, and wondered what it all could mean. He could not understand it; but as it was always a rule with him to submit contentedly to what could not be helped, he soon ceased to trouble himself about the matter, and so, lying down in the carriage, he went to sleep. He did not wake up for several hours afterward.

The traveller conveyed the dog home with him, and kept him a long time. He made a kennel for him in the corner of the yard. Here Bruno lived several years in great peace and plenty.

At length the gentleman was going away from home again, on a long tour, and as there was nobody to be left at home to take an interest in Bruno, he put him under the charge, during his absence, of a boy named Lorenzo, who lived in a large house on the banks of a river. Lorenzo liked Bruno very much, and took excellent care of him.

There was a grove of tall trees near the house where Lorenzo lived, which contained the nests of thousands of rooks. Rooks are large black birds, very much like crows. Bruno used to lie in the yard where Lorenzo kept him, and watch the rooks for hours together.

In a solitary place near where Lorenzo lived there was an encampment of gipsies. Gipsies live much like Indians. They wander about England in small bands, getting money by begging, and selling baskets, and they build little temporary huts from time to time in solitary places, where they live for a while, and then, breaking

up their encampment, they wander on till they find another place, where they encamp again.

Sometimes, when they cannot get money enough by begging and selling baskets, they will steal. They show a great deal of ingenuity in the plans they devise for stealing. In fact, they are very adroit and cunning in everything they undertake.

At one time Lorenzo's father went away, and one of the gipsies, named Murphy, resolved to take that opportunity to steal something from the house.

"We can get in," said he to his comrade, "very easily, in the night, by the back door, and get the silver bowl. We can melt the bowl, and sell it for four or five sovereigns."

The silver bowl which Murphy referred to was one which had been given to Lorenzo by his uncle when he was a baby. Lorenzo's name was engraved upon the side of it.

Lorenzo used his bowl to eat his bread and milk from every night for supper. It was kept on a shelf in a closet opening from the kitchen. Murphy had seen it put there once or twice, when he had been in the kitchen at night, selling baskets.

"We can get that bowl just as well as not," said Murphy, "when the man is away."

"There's a big dog there," said his comrade.

"Yes," said Murphy, "but I'll manage the dog."

"How will you manage him?" asked his comrade.

"I'll try coaxing and flattery first," said Murphy.

"If that don't do, I'll try threatening; if threatening

won't do, I'll try bribing; and if he won't be bribed, I'll poison him."

That night, about twelve o'clock, Murphy crept stealthily round to a back gate which led into the yard behind the house where Lorenzo lived. The instant that Bruno heard the noise, he sprang up, and went bounding down the path till he came to the gate. As soon as he saw the gipsy, he began to bark very vociferously.

Lorenzo was asleep at this time; but as his room was on the back side of the house, and his window was open, he heard the barking. So he got up and went to the window, and called out,

"Bruno, what's the matter?"

Bruno was at some distance from the house, and did not hear Lorenzo's voice. He was watching Murphy.

Murphy immediately began to coax and cajole the dog, calling him "Nice fellow," and "Good dog," and "Poor Bruno," speaking all the time in a very friendly and affectionate tone to him. Bruno, however, had sense enough to know that there was something wrong in such a man being seen prowling about the house at that time of night, and he refused to be quieted. He went on barking louder than ever.

"Bruno!" said Lorenzo, calling louder, "what's the matter? Come back to your house, and be quiet."

Murphy thought he heard a voice, and, peeping through a crack in the fence, he saw Lorenzo standing at the window. The moon shone upon his white night-gown, so that he could be seen very distinctly.

As soon as Murphy saw him, he crept away thicket, and disappeared. Bruno, after waiting a time to be sure that the man had really gone, about, and came back to the house. When Lorenzo, he began to wag his tail. He would have told him about the gipsy if he had been able to speak.

"Go to bed, Bruno," said he, "and not be keeping us awake, barking at the moon this time of night."

So Bruno went into his house, and Lorenzo to his. The next night, Murphy, finding that Bruno could be coaxed away from his duty by flattery, concluded to try what virtue there might be in threats and scolding. So he came armed with a club and stones. As soon as he got near the gate, Bruno, as he had expected, gave the alarm, and came bounding down the path again to see who was there.

As soon as he saw Murphy, he set up a loud and violent barking as before.

"Down, Bruno, down!" exclaimed Murphy, in a stern and angry voice. "Stop that noise, or I'll cut your head."

So saying, he brandished his club, and then stooped down to pick up one of the stones which he had brought, and which he had laid down on the ground where he was standing, so as to have them all ready.

Bruno, instead of being intimidated and silenced by these demonstrations, barked louder than ever.

Lorenzo jumped out of bed and came to the window.

"Bruno!" said he, calling out loud, "what's

matter? There's nothing there. Come back to your house, and be still."

The gipsy, finding that Bruno did not fear his clubs and stones, and hearing Lorenzo's voice again moreover, went back into the thicket. Bruno waited until he was sure that he was really gone, and then returned slowly up the pathway to the house.

"Go to bed, Bruno," said Lorenzo, "and not be keeping us awake, barking at the moon this time of night."

So Bruno and Lorenzo both went to bed again.

The next night Murphy came again, with two or three pieces of meat in his hands.

"I'll bribe him," said he. "He likes meat."

Bruno, on hearing the sound of Murphy's footsteps, leaped out of his bed, and ran down the path as before. As soon as he saw the gipsy again, he began to bark. Murphy threw a piece of meat toward him, expecting that, as soon as Bruno saw it, he would stop barking at once, and go to eating it greedily. But Bruno paid no attention to the offered bribe. He kept his eyes fixed closely on the gipsy, and barked away as loud as ever.

Lorenzo, hearing the sound, was awakened from his sleep; and getting up as before, he came to the window.

"Bruno," said he, "what is the matter now? Come back to your house, and go to bed, and be quiet."

Murphy, finding that the house was alarmed again, and that Bruno would not take the bribe that he offered him, crept away back into the thicket, and disappeared.

"I'll poison him to-morrow night," said he—"the savage cur!"

Accordingly, the next evening, a little before sunset, he put some poison in a piece of meat, and having wrapped it up in paper, he put it in his pocket. He then went openly to the house where Lorenzo lived, with some baskets on his arm for sale. When he entered the yard, he took the meat out of the paper, and secretly threw it into Bruno's house. Bruno was not there at the time. He had gone away with Lorenzo.

Murphy then went into the kitchen, and remained there some time, talking about his baskets. When he came out, he found Lorenzo shutting up Bruno in his house, and putting a board up before the door.

"What are you doing, Lorenzo?" said the gipsy.

"I am shutting Bruno up," said Lorenzo. "He makes such a barking in the night that we cannot sleep."

"That's right," replied the gipsy. So he went away, saying to himself, as he went down the pathway, "He won't bark much more, I think, after he has eaten the supper I have put in there for him."

Bruno wondered what the reason was that Lorenzo was shutting him up so closely. He little thought it was on account of his vigilance and fidelity in watching the house. He had, however, nothing to do but to submit. So, when Lorenzo had finished fastening the door, and had gone away, he lay down in a corner of his apartment, extended his paws out before him, rested his chin upon them, and prepared to shut his eyes and go to sleep.

His eyes, however, before he had shut them, fell upon the piece of meat which Murphy had thrown in there for him. So he got up again, and went towards it.

He smelt it, and at once perceived the smell of the gipsy upon it. Anything that a man handles, or even touches, retains for a time a scent, which, though we cannot perceive it, is very sensible to a dog. Thus a dog can follow the track of a man over a road by the scent which his footsteps leave upon the ground. He can even single out a particular track from among a multitude of others on the same ground, each scent being apparently different in character from all the rest.

In this way Bruno perceived that the meat which he found in his house had been handled by the same man that he had barked at so many times at midnight at the foot of the pathway. This made him suspicious of it. He thought that that man must be a bad man, and he did not consider it prudent to have anything to do with bad men or any of their gifts. So he left the meat where it was, and went back into his corner.

His first thought in reflecting on the situation in which he found himself placed was, that since Lorenzo had forbidden him so sternly and positively to bark in the night, and had shut him up so close a prisoner, he would give up all care or concern about the premises, and let the robber, if it was a robber, do what he pleased. But then, on more sober reflection, he perceived that Lorenzo must have acted under some mistake in doing

as he had done, and that it was very foolish in him to cherish a feeling of resentment on account of it.

"The wrong-doings of other people," thought he to himself, "are no reason why I should neglect *my* duty. I will watch, even if I am shut up."

So he lay listening very carefully. When all was still, he fell into a light slumber now and then ; but the least sound without caused him to prick up his ears and open one eye, until he was satisfied that the noise he heard was nothing but the wind. Thus things went on till midnight.

About midnight he heard a sound. He raised his head and listened. It seemed like the sound of footsteps going through the yard. He started up and put his head close to the door. He heard the footsteps going up close to the house. He began to bark very loud and violently. The robbers opened the door with a false key, and went into the house. Bruno barked louder and louder. He crowded hard against the door, trying to get it open. He moaned and whined, and then barked again louder than ever.

Lorenzo came to the window.

"Bruno," said he, "what a plague you are ! Lie down, and go to sleep."

Bruno, hearing Lorenzo's voice, barked again with all the energy that he possessed.

"Bruno," said Lorenzo, very sternly, "if you don't lie down and be still, to-morrow night I'll tie your mouth up."

Murphy was now in the house, and all was still. He

had got the silver bowl, and was waiting for Lorenzo to go to bed. Bruno listened attentively, but not hearing any more sounds, ceased to bark. Presently Lorenzo went away from the window back to his bed, and lay down. Bruno watched some time longer, and then he went and lay down too.

In about half an hour, Murphy began slowly and stealthily to creep out of the house. He walked on tiptoe. For a time he made no noise. He had the bowl in one hand, and his shoes in the other. He had taken off his shoes so as not to make any noise in walking. Bruno heard him, however, as he was going by, and, starting up, he began to bark again. But Murphy hastened on, and the yard was accordingly soon entirely still. Bruno listened a long time, but, hearing no more noise, he finally lay down again in his corner as before.

Murphy crept away into the thicket, and so went home to his encampment, wondering why Bruno had not been killed by the poison.

"I put in poison enough," said he to himself, "for half a dozen dogs. What could be the reason it did not take effect?"

When the people of the house came down into the kitchen the next morning, they found that the door was wide open, and the silver bowl was gone.

ent into the yard, and sat on a stone step, and went to work to finish a wind-mill he had begun the day before.

By-and-by his mother came down ; and as soon as she had heard Lorenzo's story about the bowl, and learned, too, that the outer door had been found open when Lorenzo first came down stairs, she immediately expressed the opinion that the bowl had been stolen.

"Some thief has been breaking into the house," said she, "I've no doubt, and has stolen it."

"Stolen it !" exclaimed Lorenzo.

"Yes," replied his mother ; "I've no doubt of it."

So saying, she went into the closet again, to see if she could discover any traces of the thieves there. But she could not. Everything seemed to have remained undisturbed, just as she had left it the night before, except that the bowl was missing.

"Somebody has been in and stolen it," said she, "most assuredly."

Bruno, who had followed Lorenzo and his mother into the room, was standing up at this time upon his hind legs, with his paws upon the edge of the shelf, and he now began to bark loudly, by way of expressing his concurrence in this opinion.

"Seize him, Bruno !" said Lorenzo, "seize him !"

Bruno, on hearing this command, began smelling about the floor, and barking more eagerly than ever.

"Bruno smells his track, I verily believe," said Lorenzo, speaking to his mother. Then, addressing Bruno again, he clapped his hands together and pointed to the ground, saying,

“Go seek him, Bruno! seek him!”

Bruno began immediately to follow the scent of Murphy's footsteps along the floor, out from the closet into the kitchen, and from the kitchen into the yard; he ran along the path a little way, and then made a wide circuit over the grass, at a place where Murphy had gone round to get as far as possible away from Bruno's house. He then came back into the path again, smelling as he ran, and thence passed out through the gate; here, keeping his nose still close to the ground, he went on faster and faster, until he entered the thicket and disappeared.

Lorenzo did not pay particular attention to these motions. He had given Bruno the order, “Seek him!” rather from habit than anything else, and without any idea that Bruno would really follow the tracks of the thief. Accordingly, when Bruno ran off down the yard, he imagined that he had gone away somewhere to play a little while, and that he would soon come back.

“He'll be sure to come back pretty soon,” said he, “to get his breakfast.”

But Bruno did not come back to breakfast. Lorenzo waited an hour after breakfast, and still he did not come.

He waited two hours longer, and still he did not come.

Where was Bruno all this time? He was at the camp of the gipsies, watching at the place where Murphy had hid the stolen bowl.

When he followed the gipsy's tracks into the thicket,

he perceived the scent more and more distinctly as he went on, and this encouraged him to proceed. Lorenzo had said "Seek him!" and this Bruno understood as an order that he should follow the track until he found the man, and finding him, that he should keep watch at the place till Lorenzo or some one from the family should come. Accordingly, when he arrived at the camp, he followed the scent round to the back end of a little low hut, where Murphy had hidden the bowl. The gipsy had dug a hole in the ground, and buried the bowl in it, out of sight, intending in a day or two to dig it up and melt it. Bruno found the place where the bowl was buried, but he could not dig it up himself, so he determined to wait there and watch until some one should come. He accordingly squatted down upon the grass, near the place where the gipsies were seated around their fire, and commenced his watch.

There were two gipsy women sitting by the fire. There was also a man sitting near by. Murphy was standing up near the entrance of the tent when Bruno came. He was telling the other gipsies about the bowl. He had a long stick in his hand, and Bruno saw this, and concluded that it was best for him to keep quiet until some one should come.

"I had the greatest trouble with Bruno," said Murphy. "He barked at me whenever he saw me, and nothing would quiet him. But he is getting acquainted now. See, he has come here of his own accord."

"You said you were going to poison him," remarked the other man.

"Yes," replied Murphy. "I did put some poisoned meat in his house, but he did not eat it. I expect he smelled the poison."

The hours of the day passed on, and Lorenzo wondered more and more what could have become of his dog. At last he resolved to go and look him up.

"Mother," said he, "I am going to see if I can find out what's become of Bruno."

"I would rather that you would find out what's become of your bowl," said his mother.

"Why, mother," said Lorenzo, "Bruno is worth a great deal more than the bowl."

"That may be," replied his mother, "but there is much less danger of his being lost."

Lorenzo walked slowly away from the house, pondering with much perplexity the double loss he had incurred.

"I cannot do anything," he said, "to get back the bowl, but I can look about for Bruno, and if I find him, that's all I can do. I must leave it for father to decide what is to be done about the bowl, when he comes home."

So Lorenzo came out of his father's house, and after hesitating for some minutes which way to go, he was at length decided by seeing two boys fishing.

"Perhaps those boys have seen him somewhere," said he. "I'll go and ask. And, at any rate, I should like to know who they are, and whether they have caught any fish."

So Lorenzo turned in the direction where he saw the

two boys. He walked under some tall elm-trees, and then passed a small flock of sheep that were lying on the grass in the field. He looked carefully among them to see if Bruno was there, but he was not. After passing the sheep, he walked along on the margin of a broad and shallow stream of water. There were two geese floating quietly upon the surface of this water, near where the sheep were lying upon the shore. These geese floated quietly upon the water, like vessels riding at anchor. Lorenzo was convinced that they had not seen anything of Bruno for some time. If they had, they would not have been so composed.

Lorenzo, when he drew near the boys, perceived that one was an acquaintance of his, named Frank.

"Frank," said Lorenzo, "how many fishes have you caught?"

"Only one," said Frank. "Where are you going?"

"I am looking for Bruno," said Lorenzo.

"I know where he is," said Frank.

"Where?" asked Lorenzo.

"I saw him a little while ago at the gipsies' camp, down in the glen. He was lying down there quietly by the gipsies' fire."

"What a dog!" said Lorenzo. "Here I have been wondering what had become of him all the morning. He has run away, I suppose, because I shut him up last night."

"What made you shut him up?" asked Frank.

"Oh, because he made such a barking every night," replied Lorenzo. "We could not sleep."

"He is still enough now," said Frank. "He is lying down very quietly with the gipsies."

Lorenzo then asked Frank some questions about his fishing, and afterward walked on. Before long he came to a stile, where there was a path leading to a field. He got over the stile, and followed the path until at last he came to the gipsies' encampment.

There he found Bruno lying quietly on the ground, at a little distance from the fire. As soon as he came in sight of him, he called him. "Bruno! Bruno!" said he.

Bruno looked up, and, seeing Lorenzo, ran to meet him, but immediately returned to the camp, whining, and barking, and seeming very uneasy. He, however, soon became quiet again, for he knew very well, or seemed to know, that it would require more of a man than Lorenzo to take the bowl away from the gipsies, and, consequently, that he must wait there quietly till somebody else should come.

"Bruno," said Lorenzo, speaking very sternly, "*come home!*"

Bruno paid no attention to this command, but, after smelling about the ground a little, and running to and fro uneasily, lay down again where he was before.

"Bruno!" said Lorenzo, stamping with his foot.

"Won't your dog obey you?" said Murphy.

"No," said Lorenzo; "I wish you would take a stick, and drive him along."

Now the gipsies did not wish to have the dog go away. They preferred that he should stay with them,

and be their dog. They had no idea that he was there to watch over the stolen bowl.

"Don't drive him away," said one of the gipsy women, speaking in a low tone, so that Lorenzo could not hear.

"I'll only make believe," said Murphy.

So Murphy took up a little stick, and threw it at the dog, saying, "Go home, Bruno!"

Bruno paid no heed to this demonstration.

Lorenzo then advanced to where Bruno was lying, and attempted to pull him along, but Bruno would not come. He would not even get up from the ground.

"I'll make you come," said Lorenzo. So he took hold of him by the neck and ears, and began to pull him. Bruno uttered a low growl.

"Oh, dear me!" said Lorenzo, "what shall I do?"

In fact, he was beginning to grow desperate. So he looked about among the bushes for a stick, and when he had found one sufficient for his purpose, he came to Bruno, and said in a very stern voice,

"Now, Bruno, go home!"

Bruno did not move.

"Bruno," repeated Lorenzo, in a thundering voice, and brandishing his stick over Bruno's head, "GO HOME!"

Bruno, afraid of being beaten with the stick, jumped up, and ran off into the bushes. Lorenzo followed him, and attempted to drive him toward the path that led toward home. But he could accomplish nothing. The dog darted to and fro in the thickets, keeping well out of the way of Lorenzo's stick, but evincing a most ob-

stinate determination not to go home. On the contrary, in all his dodgings to and fro, he took care to keep as near as possible to the spot where the bowl was buried.

At last Lorenzo gave up in despair, and concluded to go back to the house, and wait till his father got home.

His father returned about the middle of the afternoon, and Lorenzo immediately told him of the double loss which he had met with. He explained all the circumstances connected with the loss of the bowl, and described Bruno's strange behaviour. His father listened in silence. He immediately suspected that the gipsies had taken the bowl, and that Bruno had traced it to them. So he sent for some officers and a warrant, and went to the camp.

As soon as Bruno saw the men coming, he seemed to be overjoyed. He jumped up, and ran to meet them, and then, running back to the camp again, he barked, and leaped about in great excitement. The men followed him, and he led them round behind the hut, and there he began digging into the ground with his paws. The men took a shovel which was there, one belonging to the gipsies, and began to dig. In a short time they came to a flat stone, and, on taking up the stone, they found the bowl under it.

Bruno seemed overjoyed. He leaped and jumped about for a minute or two when he saw the bowl come out from its hiding-place, and raced round and round the man who held the bowl, and then ran away home to

find Lorenzo. The officers, in the mean time, went off hastily in pursuit of Murphy, who had made his escape while they had been digging up the bowl.

BRUNO AND THE LOST BOY.

BRUNO was quite a large dog. There are a great many different kinds of dogs. Some are large, others are small. Some are irritable and fierce, others are good-natured and gentle. Some are stout and massive in form, others are slender and delicate. Some are distinguished for their strength, others for their fleetness, and others still for their beauty. Some are very affectionate, others are sagacious, others are playful and cunning. Thus dogs differ from each other not only in form and size, but in their disposition and character as well.

Some dogs are very intelligent, others are less so, and even among intelligent dogs there is a great difference in respect to the modes in which their intelligence manifests itself. Some dogs naturally love the water, and can be taught very easily to swim and dive, and perform other aquatic exploits. Others are afraid of the water, and can never be taught to like it; but they are excellent hunters, and go into the fields with their masters, and find the game. They run to and fro about the field that their master goes into, until they see a bird, and then they stop suddenly, and remain motionless till their master comes and shoots the bird. As soon as they hear the report of the gun, they run to get the game. Sometimes quite small dogs are very intelligent indeed, though of course they have not so much strength as large dogs.

Bruno was a large dog. He was a very large dog indeed. When other dogs were playing around him, he would look down upon them with an air of great condescension and dignity. He was, however, very kind to them. They would jump upon him, and play around him, but he never did them any harm.

Bruno was a very faithful dog. In the summer, when the farmer, his master (at a time when he belonged to a farmer), went into the field to his work in the morning, he would sometimes take his dinner with him in a tin pail, and he would put the pail down under a tree by the side of a little brook, and then, pointing to it, would say to Bruno,

“ Bruno, watch ! ”

So Bruno would take his place by the side of the pail, and remain there, watching faithfully, all the morning. Sometimes he would become very hungry before his master came back, but though he knew that there was meat in the pail, and that there was nothing to cover it but a cloth, he would never touch it. If he was thirsty, he would go down to the brook and drink, turning his head continually as he went, and while he was drinking, to see that no one came near the pail. Then at noon, when his master came for his dinner, Bruno would be rejoiced to see him. He would run out to meet him with great delight. He would then sit down before his master, and look up into his face while he was eating his dinner, and his master would give him pieces of bread and meat from time to time, to reward him for his fidelity.

Bruno was kind and gentle, as well as faithful. If

anybody came through the field while he was watching his master's dinner, or anything else that had been intrusted to his charge, he would not, as some fierce and ill-tempered dogs are apt to do, fly at them and bite them at once, but he would wait to see if they were going to pass by peaceably. If they were, he would not molest them. If they came near to whatever he was set to guard, he would growl a little, to give them a gentle warning. If they came nearer still, he would growl louder; but he would never bite them unless they actually attempted to seize and take away his trust. Thus he was considerate and kind as well as faithful.

Some dogs, though faithful, are very fierce. They are sometimes *trained* to be fierce when they are employed to watch against thieves, in order that they may attack the thieves furiously. To make them more fierce, their masters never play with them, but keep them chained up near their kennels, and do not give them too much to eat. Wild animals are always more ferocious while hungry.

Bruno's master, the farmer, had a son, named Antonio; that is, his name was properly Antonio, though they commonly called him Tony.

Tony was very different from Bruno in his character. He was as faithless and remiss in all his duties as Bruno was trusty and true. When his father set him at work in the field, instead of remaining, like Bruno, at his post, and discharging his duty, he would take the first opportunity, as soon as his father was out of sight, to go away and play. Sometimes, when Bruno was

upon his watch, Tony would attempt to entice him away. He would throw sticks and stones across the brook, and attempt to make Bruno go and fetch them. But Bruno would resist all these temptations, and remain immovable at his post.

It might be supposed that it would be very tiresome for Bruno to remain so many hours lying under a tree, watching a pail, with nothing to do and nothing to amuse him, and that, consequently, he would always endeavour to escape from the duty. We might suppose that, when he saw the farmer's wife taking down the pail from the shelf, and preparing to put the farmer's dinner in it, he would immediately run away, and hide himself under the barn, or among the currant-bushes in the garden, or resort to some other scheme to make his escape from such a duty. But, in fact, he used to do exactly the contrary to this. As soon as he saw that his master was preparing to go into the field, he would leap about with great delight. He would run into the house, and take his place by the door of the closet where the tin pail was usually kept. He would stand there until the farmer's wife came for the pail, and then he would follow her, and watch her while she was preparing the dinner and putting it into the pail, and then would run along, with every appearance of satisfaction and joy, by the side of his master, as he went into the field, and finally take his place by the side of the pail, as if he were pleased with the duty, and proud of the trust that was thus committed to him.

In fact, he *was* really proud of it. He liked to be

employed, and to prove himself useful. With Tony it was the reverse. He adopted all sorts of schemes and manoeuvres to avoid the performance of any duty. When he had reason to suppose that any work was to be done in which his aid was to be required, he would take his fishing-line, immediately after breakfast, and steal secretly away out at the back door, and go down to a brook which was near his father's house, and there—hiding himself in some secluded place among the bushes, where he thought they could not find him—he would sit down upon a stone and go to fishing. If he heard a sound as of his father's voice calling him, he would make a rustling of the leaves, or some other similar noise, so as to prevent his hearing whether his father was calling him or not. Thus his father was obliged to do without him. And though his father would reprove him very seriously, when he came home at noon, for thus going away, Tony would pretend that he did not know that his father wanted him, and that he did not hear him when he called.

One evening in the spring, Tony heard his father say that he was going to plow a certain piece of ground the following day, and he supposed that he should be wanted to ride the horse. His father was accustomed to plow such land as that field by means of a yoke of oxen, and a horse in front of them; and by having Tony to ride the horse, he could generally manage to get along without any driver for the oxen, as the oxen in that case had nothing to do but to follow on where the horse led the way. But if Tony was not there to ride the

horse, then it was necessary for the farmer to have his man Thomas with him, to drive the horse and the oxen. There was no way, therefore, by which Tony could be so useful to his father as by thus assisting in this work of plowing ; for, by so doing, he saved the time of Thomas, who could then be employed the whole day in other fields, planting, or hoeing, or making fence, or doing any other farm-work which at that season of the year required to be done.

Accordingly, when Tony understood that this was the plan of work for the following day, he stole away from the house immediately after breakfast, and ran out into the garden. He had previously put his fishing-line, and other necessary apparatus for fishing, upon a certain bench there was in an arbor. He now took these things, and then went down through the garden to a back gate, which led into a wood beyond. He looked around from time to time as he went on, to see if any one at the house was observing him. He saw no one ; so he escaped safely into the wood, without being called back, or even seen.

He felt glad when he found that he had thus made his escape—glad, but not happy. It is quite possible to be glad, and yet to be not at all happy. Tony felt guilty. He knew that he was doing very wrong ; and the feeling that we are doing wrong always makes us miserable, whatever may be the pleasure that we seek.

There was a wild and solaitry road which led through the wood. Tony went on through this road, with his fishing-pole over his shoulder, and his box of bait in his



FISHING.

hand. He wore a frock, like a plowman's frock, over his dress. It was one which his mother had made for him. This frock was a light and cool garment, and Tony liked to wear it very much.

When Tony had got so far that he thought there was no danger of his being called back, and the interest which he had felt in making his escape began to subside, as the work had been accomplished, he paused, and began to reflect upon what he was doing.

"I have a great mind to go back, after all," he said, "and help my father."

So he turned round, and began to walk slowly back toward the house.

"No, I wont," said he again; "I will go a fishing."

So he turned again, and began to walk on.

"At any rate," he added, speaking to himself all the time, "I will go a fishing for a while, and then, perhaps, I will go back and help my father."

So Tony went on in the path, until at length he came to a place where there was a gateway leading into a dark and secluded wood. The wood was very dark and secluded indeed, and Tony thought that the path through it must lead to some very retired and solitary place, where nobody could find him.

"I presume there is a brook, too, somewhere in that wood," he added, "where I can fish."

The gate was fastened, but there was a short length of fence on the left-hand side of it, formed of only two rails, and these were so far apart that Tony could easily creep through between them. So he crept through, and

went into the wood. He rambled about in the wood for some time, following various paths that he found there, until at length he came to a brook. He was quite rejoiced to find the brook, and he immediately began fishing in it. He followed the bank of this brook for nearly a mile, going, of course, farther and farther into the wood all the time. He caught a few small fishes at some places, while at others he caught none. He was, however, restless and dissatisfied in mind. Again and again he wished that he had not come away from home, and he was continually on the point of resolving to return. He thought, however, that his father would have brought Thomas into the field, and commenced his plowing long before then, and that, consequently, it would do no good to return.

While he was sitting thus, with a disconsolate air, upon a large stone by the side of the brook, fishing in a retired and deep place, where he hoped there might be some trout, he suddenly saw a large grey squirrel. He immediately dropped his fishing-pole, and ran to see where the squirrel would go. In fact, he had some faint and vague idea that there might, by some possibility, be a way to catch him.

The squirrel ran along a log, then up the stem of a tree to a branch, and along the branch to the end of it, whence he sprang a long distance through the air to another branch, and then ran along that branch to the tree which it grew from. From this tree he descended to a rock. He mounted to the highest point of the rock, and there, sitting upon his hind legs, and holding

his fore paws before him, like a dog begging for supper, he turned round and gazed at Tony.

"The rogue!" said Tony. "How I wish I could catch him."

Very soon the squirrel, feeling somewhat alarmed at the apparition of a boy in the woods, and not knowing what to make of so strange a sight, ran down the side of the rock, and continued his flight. Tony followed him for some time, until at last the squirrel contrived to make his escape altogether, by running up a large tree, keeping cunningly on the farther side of it all the way, so that Tony could not see him. When he had reached the branches of the tree, he crept into a small hollow which he found there, and crouching down, he remained motionless in this hiding-place, until Tony became tired of looking for him, and went away.

Tony, when at last he gave up the search for the squirrel, attempted to find his way back to the place where he had left his fishing-pole. Unfortunately, he had left his cap there too, so that he was doubly desirous of finding the place. There was, however, no path; for squirrels in their rambles in the woods are, of course, always quite independent of everything like roadways.

Tony went back in the direction from which he thought he came; but he could find no traces of his fishing-pole. He could not even find the brook. He began to feel quite uneasy, and, after going around in very circuitous and devious wanderings for some time, he became quite bewildered. He at length determined to give up the

attempt to find his fishing-line and cap, and to get out of the woods, and make his way home in the quickest possible way.

The poor boy now began to feel more guilty and more wretched than ever before. He was not really more guilty, though he *felt* his guilt far more acutely than he had done when every thing was going well with him. This is always so. The feeling of self-condemnation is not generally the strongest at the time when we are doing the wrong. It becomes far more acute and far more painful when we begin to experience the bitter consequences which we bring upon ourselves by the transgression. Tony hurried along wherever he could find a path which promised to lead him to the gateway, breathless with fatigue and excitement, and with his face flushed and full of anxiety. He was in great distress.

He stopped from time to time, to call aloud to his father and to Thomas. He was now as anxious that they should find him as he had been before to escape from them. He listened, in the hope that he might hear the barking of Bruno, or some other sound that might help him to find his way out of the woods.

Once he actually heard a sound among the trees, at some distance from him. He thought that it was some one working in the woods. He went eagerly in the direction from which the sound proceeded, scrambling, by the way, over the rocks and brambles, and leaping from hummock to hummock in crossing bogs and mire. *When at length* he reached the place, he found that the

noise was nothing but one tree creaking against another in the wind.

At another time, he followed a sound which appeared different from this ; when he came up to it, he found it to be a woodpecker tapping an old hollow tree.

Tony wandered about thus in the wood nearly all the day, and at length, about the middle of the afternoon, he became so exhausted with fatigue, anxiety, and hunger, that he could go no farther. He was very thirsty too, for he could find no water. He began to fear that he should die in the woods of starvation and thirst. At length, however, a short time before the sun went down, he came, to his great joy, to a stream of water. It was wide and deep, so that he could not cross it. He, however, went down to the brink of the water, and got a good drink. This refreshed him very much, and then he went back again, up the bank, and lay down upon the grass there to rest.

Presently two cows came down to the water, on the side opposite to where Tony was sitting. They came to drink. Tony wished very much that they would come over to his side of the water, so that he could get some milk from them. If he could get a good drink of milk from them, he thought it would restore his strength, so that he could make one more effort to return home. He called the cows, and endeavoured, by every means in his power, to make them come through the water to his side. One of them waded into the water a little way, and stood there, staring stupidly at Tony, but she would not come any farther.

Then Tony thought of attempting to wade across the water to the cows, but he was afraid that it might be very deep, and that he should get drowned. He thought, too, that if he could contrive in any way to get near the cows, there would still be a difficulty in getting a drink of their milk, for he had no cup or mug to milk into. He wondered whether or not it would be possible for him to get down under one of the cows and milk into his mouth. He soon found, however, that it was of no use to consider this question, for it was not possible for him to get near the cows at all.

Then he reflected how many times his mother, in the evenings at home, when the cows were milked had brought him draughts of the milk in a cup or mug, very convenient to drink out of, and how many long and weary days his father had worked in the fields, mowing grass to feed the cows, and in the barns in the winter, to take care of them, so as to provide the means of giving his boy this rich and luxurious food; and he felt how ungrateful he had been, in not being willing to aid his father in his work, when opportunities offered to him to be useful.

"If I ever get home," said he to himself, "I'll be a better boy."

Just then Tony heard a noise in the bushes behind him. At first he was startled, as most people are, at hearing suddenly a noise in the woods. Immediately afterward, however, he felt glad, as he hoped that the noise was made by some one coming. He had scarcely time to look around before Bruno came rushing through

the bushes, and, with a single bound, came to Tony's feet. He leaped up upon him, wagging his tail most energetically, and in other ways manifesting the most extraordinary joy. In a minute or two he began to walk away again into the woods, looking behind him toward Tony, intimating that Tony was to follow him. Tony slowly rose from his place, and attempted to go.

"Yes, Bruno," said he, "I know. You are going to show me the way home. I'll come along as fast as I can."

Tony soon found, however, that he could not come very fast. In fact, he was almost exhausted by fatigue and hunger, and he had now little strength remaining. He accordingly staggered rather than walked in attempting to follow Bruno, and he was obliged frequently to stop and rest. On such occasions Bruno would come back and fawn around him, wagging his tail, and expressing his sympathy in such other ways as a dog has at command, and would finally lie down quietly by Tony's side, until the poor boy was ready to proceed again. Then he would go forward, and lead the way as before.

It is very extraordinary that a dog can find his way through the woods under certain circumstances so much better than a boy, or even than a man. But so it is; for, though so greatly inferior to a boy in respect to the faculties of speech and reason, he is greatly superior to him in certain instincts, granted to him by the Creator, to fit him for the life which he was originally designed to lead as a wild animal. It was by means of these instincts that Bruno found Tony.

Bruno had commenced his search about the middle of the afternoon. It was not until some time after dinner that the family began to be uneasy about Tony's absence. During all the forenoon they supposed that he had gone away somewhere a fishing or to play, and that he would certainly come home to dinner. When, however, the dinner hour, which was twelve o'clock, arrived, and Tony did not appear, they began to wonder what had become of him. So, after dinner, they sent Thomas down behind the garden, and to the brook, and to all the other places where they knew that Tony was accustomed to go, to see if he could find him. Thomas went to all those places, and not only looked to see whether Tony was there, but he called also very loud, and listened long after every calling for an answer. But he could neither see nor hear anything of the lost boy.

Then Tony's mother began to be very seriously alarmed, and his father, too, determined to leave his work, and go and see if he could find him. He accordingly sent Thomas one way, while he himself went another. Bruno watched all these movements with great interest. He understood what they meant. He determined to see what he could do. He accordingly ran out into the garden, where he had seen Tony go after breakfast in the morning. He smelled about there in all the paths until at length he found Tony's track. He followed this track to the seat in the arbor, where Tony had gone to get his fishing-line. Taking a *new departure* from this point, he went on, smelling the track along the

paths as he advanced, to the bottom of the garden, thence into a wood behind the garden, thence along the road till he came to the gate under the trees where Tony had gone in.

By smelling about this gate, he ascertained that Tony did not open the gate, but that he crept through between the bars on the left-hand side of it. Bruno did the same. He then followed the track of Tony in the solitary woods until he came to the brook where Tony had been fishing. Here, to his great astonishment, he found Tony's cap and fishing-pole lying by the margin of the water.

What this could mean he was utterly unable to imagine. The sight of these things, however, only increased his interest in the search for Tony. He soon found the track again, and he followed it along by the side of the bog, and to the great rock, and by the old trees. What could have induced Tony to leave his cap and pole by the brook, and go scrambling through the bushes in this devious way, he could not imagine, not knowing, of course, anything about the squirrel.

He, however, proceeded very industriously in the search, following the scent which Tony's footsteps had left on the leaves and grass wherever he had gone, until at length, to his great joy, he came up with the object of his search by the brink of the water, as has already been described.

Tony had gone but a short distance from the place where Bruno had discovered him, before he found his strength failing him so rapidly that he was obliged to

make his rests longer and longer. At one of these stops, Bruno, instead of waiting by his side, as he had done before, until Tony had become sufficiently rested to go on, ran off through the bushes and left him.

"Now, Bruno," said Tony, in a mournful tone, "if you go away and leave me I don't know what I shall do."

Bruno was gone about five minutes, at the end of which time he came back, bringing Tony's cap in his mouth. He had been to the brook to get it.

Tony was overjoyed to see Bruno once more, and he was, moreover, particularly pleased to get his cap again.

So he took his cap and put it on, patting Bruno's head at the same time, and commending him in a very cordial manner.

"I am very much obliged to you, Bruno," said he, "for bringing me my cap—*very* much obliged indeed. The cap is all I care for ; never mind about the fishing-pole."

Tony spoke these words very feebly, for he was very tired and faint. Bruno perceived that he was not able to go on ; so, after remaining by his side a few minutes, he ran off again into the bushes, and disappeared.

"Now he has gone to bring the fishing-pole, I suppose," said Tony. "I wish he would not go for that ; I would rather have him stay here with me."

Tony was mistaken in his supposition that Bruno had gone for the fishing-pole ; for, instead of going to the *brook again*, where he had found the cap, he ran as *fast as he could* towards home. His object was to see

if he could not get something for Tony to eat. As soon as he arrived at the house, he went to the farmer's wife, who was all this time walking about the rooms of the house in great distress of mind, and waiting anxiously to hear some news of those who were in search of Tony, and began to pull her by her dress toward the place in the kitchen where the tin pail was kept, in which she was accustomed to put the farmer's dinner. At first she could not understand what he wanted.

"My senses!" said she, "what does the dog mean?"

"Bruno," said she again, after wondering a moment, "what do you want?"

Bruno looked up toward the pail and whined piteously, wagging his tail all the time, and moving about with eager impatience.

At length the farmer's wife took hold of the pail, and as soon as she had done so, Bruno ran off toward the closet where the food was kept, which she was accustomed to put into the pail for her husband's dinner. He took his station by the door, and waited there, as he had been accustomed to do, looking up eagerly all the time to Tony's mother, who was slowly following him.

"I verily believe," said she, joyfully, "that Bruno has found Tony, and is going to carry him something to eat."

She immediately went into the closet, and filled the pail up, in a very hurried manner, with something for Tony to eat, taking care not to put in so much as to *make the pail too heavy*. As soon as she had done this,

and put on a cover, and then set the pail down upon the floor, Bruno immediately took it up by means of the handle, and ran off with it. Tony's mother followed him, but she could not keep up with him, and was soon obliged to relinquish the pursuit.

Bruno had some difficulty in getting over the fences and through the bars with his burden, as he went on toward the place where he had left Tony. He, however, persevered in his efforts, and finally succeeded; and at length had the satisfaction of bringing the pail safely, and laying it down at Tony's feet. Tony, who was by this time extremely hungry, as well as faint and exhausted by fatigue, was overjoyed at receiving this unexpected supply. He opened the pail, and found there everything which he required. There was a supply of bread and butter in slices, with ham, sandwich fashion, placed between. At the bottom of the pail, too, was a small bottle filled with milk.

After eating and drinking what Bruno had thus brought him, Tony felt greatly relieved and strengthened. He now could walk alone, where Bruno led the way, without stopping to rest at all. So the boy and the dog went on together, until they safely reached the bottom of the garden. Here they were met by Tony's mother, who was almost beside herself with joy when she saw them coming. She ran to meet Tony, and conducted him into the house, while Bruno, as soon as he found that his charge was safe, turned back, and, without *waiting to be thanked*, ran off into the woods again.

And where do you think he was going, reader?

He was going to get Tony's fishing-pole.

Tony's mother brought her boy into the house, and, after she had bathed his face, and his hands, and his feet with warm water to refresh and soothe him, agitated as he was by his anxiety and terror, she gave him a comfortable seat by the side of the kitchen fire, while she went to work to get ready the supper. As soon as Tony had arrived, she blew the horn at the door, which was the signal which had been previously agreed upon to denote that he was found. Thomas and Tony's father heard this sound as they were wandering about in the woods, and both joyfully hastened home. Tony, in the mean time, dreaded his father's return. He expected to be bitterly reproached by him for what he had done. He was, however, happily disappointed in this expectation. His father did not reproach him. He thought he had already been punished enough ; and besides, he was so glad to have his son home again, safe and sound, that he had not the heart to say a word to give him any additional pain.

Bruno himself came home about the same time that Thomas did, bringing the fishing-pole and line with him. The apparatus was all safe, except that the hook was gone. It had got torn off by catching against the bushes on the way. Bruno brought the pole and line to Tony. Tony took them, and when he had wound up the line, he set the pole up in the corner, while Bruno stretched himself out before the fire, and there, with his mind in a state of great satisfaction, in view of what he had done, he prepared to go to sleep. The bright

fire glanced upon the hearth and about the room, forming a very cheerful and pleasant scene.

How shameful it is, thought Tony, as he looked upon Bruno by the fire, that while a dog can be so faithful, and seem to take so much pride and pleasure in doing his duty, and in making himself as useful in every way as he possibly can, a boy, whose power and opportunities are so much superior to his, should be faithless and negligent, and try to contrive ways and means to evade his proper work. You have taught me a lesson, Bruno. You have set me an example. We shall see whether, after this, I will allow myself to be beaten in fidelity and gratitude by a dog.

This story reminds me of another one, about a boy named Antonio, who got away from home, and was in trouble to get back, though the circumstances were very different from those which I have just related. The name of this new story is "Boys Adrift."

BOYS ADRIFT.

Boys are generally greatly pleased with seeing ships and the water. In fact, the view of a harbour, filled with boats and shipping, forms usually for all persons, old as well as young, a very attractive scene.

There was once a boy named Antonio Van Tromp. They commonly called him Antony. Sometimes they called him Van Tromp. He lived in a certain sea-port town, where his father used to come in with a ship from sea. His father was captain of the ship. Antonio used to be very fond of going down to the pier while his father's ship was unloading. One day he persuaded his cousin, who was several years younger than himself, to go down with him.

The boys played about upon the pier for an hour very happily. The seamen and labourers were unloading the ship, and there were a great many boxes, and bales, and hogsheads, and other packages of merchandise lying upon the pier. There were porters at work, carrying the goods away, and sailors rolling hogsheads and barrels to and fro. There was an anchor on the pier, and weights, and chains, and trucks, and other similar objects lying around. The boys amused themselves for some time in jumping about upon these things. At length, on looking down over the edge of the pier, they saw that there was a boat there. It was fastened by means of a rope to one of the links of an enormous

chain, which was lying over the edge of the pier. On seeing this boat, they conceived the idea of getting into it, and rowing about a little in the neighbourhood of the pier.

There were no oars in the boat, and so Van Tromp asked a sailor, whom he saw at work near to go and get them for him on board the ship.

"Not I," said the sailor.

"Why not?" asked Van Tromp.

"It is ebb tide," said the sailor, "and if you two boys cast off from the pier in that boat, you will get carried out to sea."

"Why, I can *scull*," said Van Tromp.

"Oh no," said the sailor.

"At least I can pull," said Van Tromp.

"Oh no," said the sailor.

The boys stood perplexed, not knowing what to do.

All along the shores of the sea the tide rises for six hours, and while it is thus rising, the water, of course, wherever there are harbours, creeks, and bays, flows *in*. Afterward the tide falls for six hours, and while it is falling, the water of the harbours, creeks, and bays flows *out*. When the water is going out, they call it ebb tide. That is what the sailor meant by saying it was ebb tide.

Sculling is a mode of propelling a boat by one oar. The oar in this case is put out behind the boat, that is, at the stern, and is moved to and fro in a peculiar manner, somewhat resembling the motion of the tail of a fish when he is swimming through the water. It is difficult to learn how to scull. Antony could scull pretty

well in smooth water, but he could not have worked his way in this manner against an ebb tide.

Pulling, as Antony called it, is another name for rowing. In rowing, it is necessary to have two oars. To row a boat requires more strength, though less skill, than to scull it.

The boys, after hesitating for some time, finally concluded at least to get into the boat. They had unfastened the painter, that is, the rope by which the boat was tied, while they had been talking with the sailor, in order to be all ready to cast off. When they found that the sailor would not bring them any oars, they fastened the painter again, so that the boat should not get away, and then climbed down the side of the pier, and got into the boat.

Unfortunately, when, after untying the painter, they attempted to make it fast again into the link of the chain, they did not do it securely; and as they moved to and fro about the boat, pushing it one way and another, the rope finally got loose, and the boat floated slowly away from the pier. The boys were engaged very intently at the time in watching some sun-fish which they saw in the water. They were leaning over the side of the boat to look at them, so that they did not see the pier when it began to recede, and thus the tide carried them to a considerable distance from it before they observed that they were adrift.

At length Larry—for that was the name of Antony's cousin—looking up accidentally, observed that the boat was moving away.

"Antony ! Antony !" exclaimed he, "we're adrift."

As he said this, Larry looked very much terrified.

Antony rose from his reclining position, and stood up—right in the bottom of the boat. He looked back towards the pier, which he observed was rapidly receding—

"Yes," said he, "we're adrift ; but who cares ?"

When a boy gets into difficulty or danger by doing something wrong, he is generally very much frightened. When, however, he knows that he has not been doing anything wrong, but has got into difficulty purely by accident, he is much less likely to be afraid.

Antony knew that he had done nothing wrong in getting into the boat. His father was a sea-captain, and he was allowed to get into boats whenever he chose to do so. He was accustomed, too, to be in boats on the water, and now, if he had only had an oar or a paddle, he would not have felt any concern whatever. As it was, he felt little concern at all.

His first thought was to call out to the sailor whom they had left on the pier. The boys both called to him long and loud, but he was so busy turning over boxes, and bales, and rolling hogsheads about, that he did not hear.

"What shall we do?" asked Larry, with a very anxious look.

"Oh, we shall get ashore again easily enough," replied Antony. "Here is a large sail-boat coming up. We will hail them, and they will take us aboard."

"Do you think they will take us on board?" asked Larry.

"Yes, I am sure they will," said Antony.

Just then the boat which the boys were drifting in had come along opposite to a large sail-boat. This boat was sloop-rigged; that is, it had one mast and a fore-and-aft sail. She was standing up the harbour, and was headed toward the pier. The sail was spread, and the sail-boat was gliding along smoothly, but quite swiftly, through the water.

There were two men on board. One was at the helm, steering. The other, who had on a red flannel shirt, came to the side of the boat, and looked over towards the boys.

"Hallo! sail-boat!" shouted Antony.

"Hallo!" said the flannel shirt.

"Take us aboard of your boat," said Antony; "we have got adrift, and have not got any oar."

"We can't take you on board," said the man; "we have got beyond you already."

"Throw us a rope," said Antony.

"We have not got any rope long enough," said the sailor.

As he said these words, the sail-boat passed entirely by.

"What *shall* we do?" said Larry, much alarmed.

Larry was much smaller than Antony, and much less accustomed to be in boats on the water, and he was much more easily terrified.

"Don't be afraid," said Antony; "we shall get brought up among some of the shipping below. There are plenty of vessels coming up the harbour."

So they went on—slowly, but very steadily—wherever they were borne by the course of the ebbing tide. Instead of being brought up, however, as Antony had predicted, by some of the ships, they were kept by the tide in the middle of the channel ; while the ships were all, as it happened, on one side or the other, and they did not go within calling distance of any one of them. At last even Antony began to think that they were certainly about to be carried out to sea.

“If the water were not so deep, we could anchor,” said Antony.

“We have not got any anchor,” said Larry.

“Yes,” replied Antony, “there is a grapnel in the bow of the boat.”

Larry looked in a small cuddy under the bow of the boat, and found there a sort of grapnel that was intended to be used as an anchor.

“Let us heave it over,” said Larry, “and then the boat will stop.”

“No,” replied Antony, “the rope is not long enough to reach the bottom ; the water is too deep here. We are in the middle of the channel ; but perhaps, by-and-by, the tide will carry us over upon the flats, and then we can anchor.”

“How shall we know when we get to the flats?” asked Larry.

“We can see the bottom then,” said Antony, “by looking over the side of the boat.”

“I mean to watch,” said Larry ; and he began forthwith to look over the side of the boat.

It was not long before Antony's expectations were fulfilled. The tide carried the boat over a place where the water was shallow, the bottom being formed there of broad and level tracts of sand and mud, called flats.

"I see the bottom," said Larry, joyfully.

Antony looked over the side of the boat, and there, down several feet beneath the surface of the water, he could clearly distinguish the bottom. It was a smooth expanse of mud and water, and it seemed to be slowly gliding away from beneath them. The real motion was in the boat, but *this* motion was imperceptible to the boys, except by the apparent motion of the bottom, which was produced by it. Such a deceiving of the sight as this is commonly called an optical illusion.

"Yes," said Antony, "that's the bottom; now we will anchor."

So the two boys went forward, and, after taking care to see that the inner end of the grapnel rope was made fast properly to the bow of the boat, they lifted the heavy iron over the side of the boat, and let it plunge into the water. It sank to the bottom in a moment, drawing out the rope after it. It immediately fastened itself by its prongs in the mud, and when the rope was all out, the bow of the boat was "brought up" by it—that is, was stopped at once. The stern of the boat was swung round by the force of the tide, which still continued to act upon it, and then the boat came to its rest, with the head pointing up the harbour.

"*There,*" said Antony, "now we are safe."

"But how are we going to get back to the shore?" inquired Larry.

"Why, by-and-by the tide will turn," said Antony, "and flow in, and then we shall get up our anchor, and let it carry us home again."

"And how long shall we have to wait?" asked Larry.

"Oh, about three or four hours," said Antony.

"My mother will be very much frightened," said Larry. "How sorry I am that we got into the boat."

"So am I," said Antony; "or, rather, I should be, if I thought it would do any good to be sorry."

In the meantime, while the boys had thus been making their involuntary voyage down the harbour, Captain Van Tromp, on board his ship, had been employed very busily with his accounts, in his cabin. It was now nearly noon, and he concluded, accordingly, that it was time for him to go home to dinner. So he called one of the sailors to him, and directed him to look about on the pier and try to find the boys, and tell them that he was going home to dinner.

In a few minutes the sailor came back, and told the captain that he could not find the boys; and that Jack, who was at work outside on the pier, said that they had not been seen about there for more than an hour, and that the boat was missing too; and he was afraid that they had got into it, and had gone adrift.

"Send Jack to me," said the captain.

When Jack came into the cabin, the captain was at work, as usual, at his accounts. Jack stood by his side a moment, with his cap in his hand, waiting for the

captain to be at leisure to speak to him. At length the captain looked up.

"Jack," said he, "do you say that the boys have gone off with the boat?"

"I don't know, sir," said Jack. "The boat is gone, and the boys are gone, but whether the boat has gone off with the boys, or the boys with the boat, I couldn't say."

The captain paused a moment, with a thoughtful expression upon his countenance, and then said,

"Tell Nelson to take the glass, and go aloft, and look around to see if he can see anything of them."

"Ay, ay, sir," said Jack.

The captain then resumed his work, as if nothing particular had happened.

Nelson was the mate of the ship. The mate is the second in command under the captain.

When Nelson received the captain's order, he took the spy-glass, and went up the shrouds to the mast-head. In about ten minutes he came down again, and gave Jack a message for the captain. Jack came down again into the cabin. He found the captain, as before, busy at his work. The captain had been exposed to too many great and terrible dangers at sea to be much alarmed at the idea of two boys being adrift, in a strong boat and in a crowded harbour.

"Mr. Nelson says, sir," said Jack, "that he sees our boat, with two boys in it, about a mile and a half down the harbour. She is lying a little to the eastward of the red buoy."

A *buoy* is a floating beam of wood, or other light substance, anchored on the point of a shoal, or over a ledge of rocks, to warn the seamen that they must not sail there. The different buoys are painted of different colours, so that they may be easily distinguished one from another.

The captain paused a moment on hearing Jack's report, and looked undecided. In fact, his attention was so much occupied by his accounts, that only half his thoughts seemed to be given to the case of the boys. At length he asked if there was any wind.

"Not a capful," said the sailor.

"Tell Nelson, then," said the captain, "to send down the gig with four men, and bring the boys back."

The gig, as the captain called it, was a light boat belonging to the ship, being intended for rowing swiftly in smooth water.

So Nelson called out four men, and directed them to get ready with the gig. The men accordingly lowered the gig down from the side of the ship into the water, and then, with the oars in their hands, they climbed down into it. In a few minutes they were rowing swiftly down the harbour, in the direction of the red buoy, while Captain Van Tromp went home to dinner. On his way home he left word at the house where Larry lived, that the boys had gone down the harbour, and would not be home under an hour.

While these occurrences had been taking place on the pier, the boys had been sitting very patiently in their boat, waiting for the tide to turn, or for some one to

come to their assistance. They could see how it was with the tide by the motion of the water as it glided past them. The current, in fact, when they first anchored made quite a ripple at the bows of the boat. They had a fine view of the harbour, as they looked back towards the town from their boat, though the view was so distant that they could not make out which was the pier where Captain Van Tromp's vessel was lying.

Of course, as the tide went out more and more, the surface of the water was continually falling, and the depth growing less and less all the time. The boys could easily perceive the increasing shallowness of the water, as they looked over the side of the boat, and watched the appearance of the bottom.

"Now here's another trouble," said Antony. "If we don't look out, we shall get left aground. I've a great mind to pull up the anchor, and let the boat drift on a little way, till we come to deeper water."

"Oh no," said Larry, "don't let us go out to sea any farther."

"Why, if we stay here," said Antony, "until the tide falls so as to leave us aground, we may have to stay some hours after the tide turns before we get afloat again."

"Well," said Larry, "no matter. Besides, if we go adrift again, the water may deepen suddenly."

"Yes," said Antony, "and then we should lose hold of the bottom altogether. We had better not move."

"Unless," added Antony, after a moment's thought, "we can contrive to *warp* the boat *up* a little."

So saying, Antony went forward to examine into the feasibility of this plan. He found, on looking over the bow of the boat, that the water was very shallow, and nearly still ; for the tide, being nearly out, flowed now with a very gentle and almost imperceptible current. Of course, as the water was shallow, and the rope that was attached to the anchor pretty long, the anchor itself was at a considerable distance from the boat. The boys could see the rope passing obliquely along under the water, but could not see the anchor.

Antony took hold of the rope, and began to draw it in. The effect of this operation was to draw the boat up the harbour toward the anchor. When, at length, the rope was all in, Antony pulled up the grapnel, which was small and easily raised, and then swinging it to and fro several times to give it an impetus, he threw it with all his force forward. It fell into the water nearly ten feet from where it had lain before, and there sinking immediately, it laid hold of the bottom again. Antony now, by pulling upon the rope, as he had done at first, drew the boat up to the anchor at its new holding. He repeated this operation a number of times, watching the water from time to time over the bows of the boat, to see whether it was getting deeper or not. While Antony was thus engaged, the attention of Larry was suddenly attracted to the sound of oars. He looked in the direction from which the sound proceeded, and saw, at a considerable distance, a boat coming toward them.

" Here comes a boat," said Larry.

Antony looked where Larry pointed.

"Yes," said he, "and she is headed directly towards us."

"So she is," said Larry.

"I verily believe it is our gig," said Antony.

"It is," he added, after looking a moment longer, "and there is Jack on board of her. They are coming for us."

In a few minutes more the gig was alongside. Two of the sailors that had come down in the gig got on board of the boys' boat with their oars, and then both boats rowed up the harbour again, and in due time the boys reached home in safety.

The moral of this story is, that in all cases of difficulty and danger it is best to keep quiet and composed in mind, and not to give way to excitement and terror. Being frightened never does any good, excepting when there is a chance to run away; in that case, it sometimes helps one to run a little faster. In all other cases, it is best to be cool and collected, and encounter whatever comes with calmness and equanimity.

BRUNO AND THE ROBIN.

‘Be not overcome of evil, but overcome evil with good.’

At one time Bruno had for his master a boy named Hiram. Hiram had a friend and companion who lived in the next house to him, whose name was Ralph. This Ralph had a robin. He kept the robin in a cage.

There was a small building near the bottom of Ralph's father's garden, which was used as a place of deposit for gardening implements, seeds, bundles of straw, matting for covering plants, and other similar articles, employed about the garden. This building was called the "garden-house." In the upper part of it was a loft, which Ralph had taken possession of as a storehouse for his wagons, trucks, traps, and other playthings. He used to go up to this loft by means of a number of large wooden pins, or pegs, that were driven into one of the posts of the frame of the garden-house, in a corner. Somebody once recommended to Ralph to have a staircase made to lead up to his loft, but he said he liked better to climb up by these pins than to have the best staircase that ever was made.

Ralph used frequently to carry his robin to this garden-house when he was playing about there, and on such occasions he would sometimes hang the cage on a nail out of the window, of his loft. He drove the nail himself into the edge of a sort of shelf, which was near the window on the outside. The shelf was put there for

doves, to light upon in going in and out of their house, which was made in the peak of the roof, over Ralph's loft.

Ralph caught his robin when he was very young. He caught him in a net. He saw the nest when the birds were first building it. About a week after the birds had finished it, he thought it was time for the eggs to be laid. So he got a ladder, which was usually kept on the back side of the tool-house, and having planted it against a tree, he began to go up. Just then, his little brother Eddy, who was walking along one of the alleys of the garden near where the bird's nest was, saw him.

"Ralph," said Eddy, "what are you going to do?"

"I'm going to get the eggs out of the nest," said Ralph.

"No," replied Eddy, "you must not do that."

Ralph paid no regard to this, but went on slowly mounting the ladder. The top of the ladder, resting as it did against some of the branches of the tree, was not very steady, and so Ralph could not go up very fast. Besides, Ralph was somewhat afraid of the old birds; for they, seeing that their nest was in danger, were flying about him, with very loud chirpings, being apparently in a state of great terror and distress.

"Ralph," said Eddy, "you must not trouble those birds."

Ralph went steadily on.

"Besides," said Eddy, when he saw that his brother paid no heed to his remonstrances, "it would be a great deal better to wait till the eggs are hatched, and then get one of the birds."

Ralph paused when he heard this suggestion. He began to think that it might possibly be a better plan to wait, as Eddy proposed, and get a bird instead of an egg. He paused a moment on the ladder, standing on one foot, and holding himself on by one hand.

"Would you, Eddy?" said he.

"Yes," said Eddy, "I certainly would."

Eddy proposed this plan, not so much from any desire he had that Ralph should get one of the birds when they were hatched, as to save the eggs from being taken away then. He had an instinctive feeling that it was wrong to take away the eggs, and he pitied the poor birds in their distress, and so he said what he thought was most likely to induce Ralph to desist from his design.

After hesitating a few minutes, Ralph said, "Well, I will." He then came down to the ground again, and, taking up the ladder, he carried it away.

About a week after this, Ralph got the ladder one day when the birds were not there, and climbed up to the nest. He found three very pretty blue eggs in it.

About a week after this he climbed up again, and he found that the eggs were hatched. There were three little birds there, not fledged. When they heard Ralph's rustling of the branches over their heads, they opened their mouths very wide, expecting that the old birds had come to bring them something to eat.

About a week after this Ralph climbed up again, but, just before he reached the nest, the three birds, having

now grown old enough to fly, all clambered out of the nest, and flew away in all directions.

"Stop 'em ! stop 'em ! Eddy," said Ralph, "or watch them at least, and see where they go, till I come down."

"Here's one," said Eddy.

He pointed, as he said this, under some currant-bushes, near an alley where he was walking. The little bird was crouched down, and was looking about him full of wonder. In fact, he was quite astonished to find how far he had flown.

Ralph clambered down the ladder as fast as he could, and then ran off to the tool-house, saying as he ran,

"Keep him there, Eddy, till I go and get my net."

"I can't keep him," said Eddy, "unless he has a mind to stay. But I will watch him."

So Eddy stood still and watched the bird while Ralph went after his net. The bird hopped along a little way, and then stopped, and remained perfectly still until Ralph returned.

The net was a round net, the mouth of it being kept open by means of a hoop. It was fastened to the end of a long pole. Ralph crept up softly toward the place where the bird had alighted, and when he was near enough he extended the pole, and clapped the net down over the bird, and made it prisoner.

"I've caught him ! I've caught him !" said Ralph, greatly excited. "Run, Eddy, and get the cage. Run quick. No, stop ; you come here, and hold the net down, and I'll go and get the cage myself."

So Eddy held the net down, while Ralph went into

the tool-house after the cage. He succeeded in putting the bird into the cage safely, and then went home.

Ralph attended his bird very carefully for many days feeding him with strawberries and crumbs of bread. The natural food of most small birds consists of seeds, berries, and insects. Ralph knew, therefore, that strawberries would be good for his bird, and as for bread, he reflected that it was made from seeds, namely, the seeds of wheat. The only difference was, that in bread the seeds were ground up, mixed with water, and baked. So Ralph concluded that bread would be a very proper food for his robin.

As soon as the robin grew old enough to hop about a little, Ralph used often to take him out of his cage and put him on the walk in the garden, or on the end of a fence near a stile, where was a broad, flat place convenient for the little bird to stand on. In such cases, he would, himself, always stand at a little distance off, so as not to frighten the bird, and in this manner he gradually taught him to be very tame and familiar.

Although Ralph was thus very kind to his robin, he was generally a very unreasonable and selfish boy. Bruno at this time lived in the house next to the one where he lived. Bruno belonged, as has already been said, to a boy named Hiram. The two houses that these two boys lived in were pretty near together, and the gardens adjoined, being separated from each other only by a wall. At the foot of each garden was a gate, and there was a little path which led along from one gate to the other, through a field where there was a brook, and also a great

many trees overshadowing the banks of it. The boys used often to visit each other by going from one of these gates to the other along this path. There was a space under Hiram's gate where Bruno could get through. He used often to go through this opening, and pass down into the field, to drink in the brook, or to play about among the trees. Sometimes both the gates were left open, and then Bruno would go and look into Ralph's garden; and once he went in, and walked along as far as the tool-house, looking about and examining the premises very curiously. As soon as he had seen what sort of a place it was, however, he turned round and ran out again, not knowing what might happen to him if he stayed there.

Ralph saw Bruno often when he went to visit Hiram in his garden, and he wished that he could have such a dog himself. In fact, he tried to buy him of Hiram a long time, but Hiram would not sell him. Ralph became very angry with Hiram at last for so strenuously refusing to sell his dog.

"You are a great fool," said he, "for not being willing to sell me the dog. I would give you any price you would name."

"That makes no difference," said Hiram; "I would rather have the dog than any amount of money, no matter how much."

So Ralph turned, and went away in a rage; and the next time he saw Bruno out in the field behind the garden, he ran down to his gate and pelted him with stones.

Bruno could not understand what reason Ralph could have for wishing to hurt him, or being his enemy in any way. He perceived, however, that Ralph was his enemy, and so he became very much afraid of him. When he wished to go down to the brook, he always looked out through the hole under the gate, very carefully to see if Ralph was near, and if he was, he did not go. If he could not see Ralph anywhere, he would creep out stealthily, and walk along in a very cautious manner, turning his head continually toward Ralph's gate, to watch for the slightest indications of danger, and if he caught a glimpse of Ralph in the garden, he would turn back and run into Hiram's garden again.

Bruno was a very courageous dog, and he would not have run away from Ralph, but would have attacked him in the most determined manner, and driven him away from the garden gate, and thus taught him better than to throw stones at an innocent and unoffending dog, had he not been prevented from doing this by our consideration. He perceived that Ralph was one of Hiram's friends. Hiram went often to visit Ralph, and Ralph, in return, came often to visit Hiram. They used to employ themselves together in various schemes of amusement, and Bruno, who often stood by at such times, although he could not understand the conversation that passed between them, perceived, nevertheless, that they were good friends. He would not, therefore, do any harm to Ralph, even in self-defence, for fear of displeasing Hiram. Accordingly, when Ralph assaulted

him with sticks and stones, the only alternative left him was to run away.

It is singular enough that Ralph, though often very unreasonable and selfish in his dealings with other boys, and though in this instance very cruel to Bruno, was still generally kind to animals. He was very fond of animals, and used to get as many as he could ; and whenever Hiram had any, he used to go to see them, and he took a great interest in them. Once Hiram caught a beautiful gray squirrel in a box-trap. He put the trap down upon a chopping-block in a little room that was used as a shop in his father's barn. Ralph came in to see the squirrel. He kneeled down before the block, and, lifting up the trap a little way, he peeped in. The squirrel was in the back corner of the trap, crouched down, and feeling, apparently, very much afraid. He had a long, bushy tail, which was curled over his back in a very graceful manner. Ralph resolved to buy this squirrel too, but Hiram was unwilling to sell it. However, he said that *perhaps* he would sell him, if Ralph would wait till the next day. Ralph accordingly waited ; but that night the squirrel gnawed out of his trap, and as the shop window was left open, he made his escape, and got off into the woods again, where he leaped backwards and forwards among the branches of the trees, and turned head over heels again and again in the exuberance of his joy.

One day Hiram went out into the woods with a man whom they called Uncle Joe, to get some stones to mend a wall. They went in a cart. They placed a

board across the cart for a seat. Uncle Joe and Hiram sat upon this seat together, side by side, Hiram on the right, as he was going to drive. The tools for digging out the stones, consisting of a spade, a shovel, a hoe, and a crowbar, were laid in the bottom of the cart. Thus they rode to the woods. Bruno followed them, trotting along by the roadside, and now and then running off under the fences and walls, to see if he could smell the tracks of any wild animals among the ferns and bushes.

He was not successful in this hunting on his way to the woods, but, after he arrived there, he accomplished quite a brilliant achievement. Hiram and Uncle Joe were very busy digging out stones, when their attention was arrested by a very loud and violent barking. Hiram knew at once that it was Bruno that was barking, though he could not see him. The reason why they could not see the dog was, that he was down in the bottom of a shady glen, that lay near where Hiram and Uncle Joe were digging the stones.

"What's that?" said Hiram. "What is Bruno barking at?"

"I don't know," said Uncle Joe; "go and see."

So Hiram threw down his hoe, and, seizing a stick, he ran down into the glen. He found Bruno stationed before a hole, which opened in under a bank, near a small spring. He seemed very much excited, sometimes running to and fro before the hole, sometimes digging into it with his fore paws, and barking all the time in a very loud and earnest manner. He seemed greatly pleased when he saw Hiram coming.

As soon as Hiram saw that Bruno was barking at a hole, which seemed to be the hole of some wild animal, he went back and called Uncle Joe to come and see. Uncle Joe said he thought it was the hole of a fox, and from the excitement that Bruno manifested, he judged that the fox must be in it.

"I'll go and get the tools," said he, "and we will dig him out."

So Uncle Joe went for the tools, and he and Hiram began to dig. They dug for more than half an hour. Finally, they came to the end of the hole, and then they found a young fox crouching close into a corner. He was about as large as a small kitten.

Hiram said he meant to carry the fox home, and bring him up, and tame him. He accordingly took him in his arms, and carried him back to the place where they had been digging stones. Uncle Joe carried back the tools. Bruno jumped about and barked a great deal by the side of Hiram, but Hiram ordered him to be quiet, and finally he learned that the little fox was not to be killed. When they reached the stone quarry, Hiram made a small pen for the fox. He made it of four square stones, which he placed together so as to inclose a small space, and then he covered this space by means of a flat stone which he placed over it. Thus the little prisoner was secured.

When the pen was completed, and the fox put in, Hiram resumed his work of digging stones with Uncle Joe. He was very eager now to get the load completed as soon as possible, so as to go home with his fox. While

he was at work thus, Bruno crouched down before the place where Hiram had shut up his fox, and watched very earnestly. He understood that Hiram wished to keep the fox, and therefore he had no intention of hurting him. He only meant to be all ready to give the alarm, in case the little prisoner should attempt to get away.

Hiram had very good success in training and taming his fox. Ralph and Eddy came often to see him, and they sometimes helped Hiram to feed him, and to take care of him. There was a place by an old wall behind the house where Hiram lived where there was a hole, which seemed to lead underground, from a sort of angle between two large stones.

"I'll let him have that hole for his house," said Hiram. "I don't know how deep it is; but if it is not deep enough for him, he must dig it deeper."

Ralph had a small collar, which was made for a dog's collar; and one day, when he felt more good-natured than usual, and had in some measure forgotten Hiram's refusal to sell Bruno to him, he offered to lend Hiram this collar to put around Foxy's neck.

"Then," said Ralph, "you can get a long chain, and chain Foxy to a stake close to the mouth of his hole. And so the chain will allow him to go in and out of his hole, and to play about around it, and yet it will prevent his running away."

Hiram liked this plan very much. So Ralph brought the collar, and the boys put it upon Foxy's neck. Hiram also found a kind of chain at a hardware store in the village, which he thought would be suitable to his

purpose, so he bought two yards of it. This length of chain, when Foxy was fastened with it, gave him a very considerable degree of liberty, and, at the same time, prevented him from running away. He could go into his hole, where he was entirely out of sight, or he could come out and play in the grass, and under the lilac bushes that were about his hole, and eat the food which Hiram brought out for him there. Sometimes, too, he would climb up to the top of the wall, and lie there an hour at a time, asleep. If, however, on such occasions, he heard any one coming, he would run down the rocks that formed the wall, and disappear in his hole in an instant, and he would not come out again until he was quite confident that the danger had gone by.

It is not very difficult to tame a fox. And yet, in his natural state, he is very wild and very cunning. He resorts to all sorts of manœuvres and contrivances to entrap such animals as he likes for food. He watches for them very slyly ; and when they come near enough, he will spring upon them, and seize them entirely un-awares.

He is very cunning, and yet, if he is caught young, it is not difficult to tame him.

One day, after some time, Ralph took it into his head to buy Foxy, as he had tried to buy Bruno ; but he found Hiram as little disposed to sell the one as the other.

"I will give you half a dollar for him," said Ralph, "and that is twice as much as he is worth : a full-grown fox is not worth more than that."

Ralph had some money in small silver pieces and cents, amounting to about half a dollar. This treasure he kept in a tin money-box, shaped like a house, with a place to drop money in down the chimney.

"No," said Ralph, "I would rather not sell him."

Ralph tried a long time to persuade Hiram to sell the fox, but Hiram persisted firmly in his refusal. At length Ralph became very angry with him, because he would not consent. This was extremely unreasonable. Has not a boy a right to do as he pleases about selling or keeping his own property?

Most certainly he has; and yet nothing is more common than for both men and boys to be angry with their friends and neighbours for not being willing to sell them property which they wish to buy.

When Ralph found that Hiram could not be induced to sell Foxy, he went off in great anger, muttering and threatening as he went. He passed out through the gate at the bottom of the garden, and then walked along the path toward the gate which led to his own garden. As he was going in, he saw Bruno lying down upon a grassy bank near the stream. He immediately began to take up stones to stone him. The first stone which he threw struck Bruno on the back, as he lay upon the grass, and hurt him very much. Bruno sprang up and ran away, barking and making other outcries indicative of pain and terror. Hiram came running down to the garden to see what was the matter. When he reached the place, he saw Ralph just aiming another stone.

"Ralph!" exclaimed Hiram, greatly astonished, "are you stoning Bruno?"

"Yes," said Ralph; "I've stoned him a great many times before, and I'll stone him again the next time I catch him down here."

By this time Bruno had come to the gate. He scrambled in through his hole, and then, thinking that he was now safe, he walked along up one of the alleys of the garden.

Hiram, knowing well that it would do no good to remonstrate with Ralph while he was in such a state of mind, shut the gate of the garden, and went to the house.

That evening, while Hiram was in the house eating his supper, Ralph came down out of his own garden, and went into Hiram's. He was talking to himself as he walked along.

"I am going to get my collar," said he. "I won't lend it to such a fellow any longer. I shall take it off the fox's neck, and carry it home. I don't care if the fox does get away."

When he approached the old wall, the fox was on the top of it; but, on hearing Ralph coming, he ran down, and went into his hole. As soon as Ralph reached the place, he pulled the fox out roughly by the chain, saying,

"Come out here, you red-headed son of a thief, and give me my collar."

So saying, he pulled the fox out, and unhooked the chain from the collar. He unfastened the collar, and

took it off from the fox's neck. He then threw the fox himself carelessly into the grass, and walked away down the garden.

Just at this time Hiram came out from his supper, and, seeing Ralph walking away, he apprehended something wrong, and he accordingly hastened on to see if the fox was safe. To his great surprise and grief, he saw the chain lying on the ground, detached and useless. The fox was gone.

He immediately called out to Ralph to ask an explanation.

"Ralph," said he, "where is my fox?"

"I haven't got your fox," said Ralph.

"Where is he, then?" asked Hiram.

"Gone off into the woods, I suppose," said Ralph.

Hiram stood still a moment, utterly confounded, and wondering what all this could mean.

"I came to get my collar," said Ralph, holding up the collar in his hand, "and if the fox has gone off, it is not my fault. You ought to have had a collar of your own."

Hiram was extremely grieved at the thought of having so wanton an injury inflicted upon him by his neighbour and playmate, and he turned toward the place where his fox had been kept with tears in his eyes. He looked all about, but the fox was nowhere to be seen. He then went slowly back to the house in great sorrow.

As for Ralph, he went back into his own garden in a very unamiable state of mind. He went up into the loft over the tool-house to put the collar away. He

climbed up upon a bench in order to reach a high shelf above, and in so doing he knocked down a box of lucifer matches, which had been left exposed upon a corner of the shelf. He uttered a peevish exclamation at the occurrence of this accident, and then got down upon the floor to pick up the matches. He gathered all that he could readily find upon the floor, and put them in the box, and then put the box back again upon the shelf. Then he went away into the house.

About two hours after this, just before dark, Hiram was sitting on the steps of the door of his father's house, thinking mournfully of his loss, when he suddenly heard a very loud barking at the foot of the garden.

"There!" said he, starting up, greatly excited, "that's Bruno, and he has found Foxy, I'll engage."

So saying, Hiram ran down the garden, and on his way he was surprised to see a smoke rising from the direction of Ralph's garden-house. He did not, however, pay any very particular attention to this circumstance, as it was very common for Ralph to have fires in the garden, to burn the dried weeds and the old straw which often collect in such places. He hastened on in the direction of Bruno's barking, quite confident that the dog had found his lost fox, and was barking for him to come and get him.

Just at this moment he saw Bruno come running to the gate at the bottom of the garden. He was barking violently, and he seemed very much excited. As soon as he saw Hiram coming, he ran back again and disappeared. Hiram hastened on, and, as soon as he got

through the gate into the field, he saw that Bruno was standing at the gate which led into Ralph's garden, and running in and out alternately, and looking eagerly at Hiram, as if he wished him to come. Hiram ran to the place, and, on looking in, he saw, to his utter consternation, that the garden-house was on fire. Dense volumes of smoke were pouring out at the doors and windows, with now and then great flashes of flame breaking out among them. Bruno, having brought Hiram to the spot, seemed now desirous of giving the alarm to Ralph ; so he ran up toward the house in which Ralph lived, barking violently all the way.

His effort was successful. In a minute or two he returned, barking as before, and followed by Ralph. Ralph was greatly terrified when he saw that the garden-house was on fire. He ran back to the house to call his mother. She came down to the place in great haste, though she seemed quite calm and composed. She was a woman of a very quiet disposition, and was almost always composed and self-possessed. She saw at a glance that the fire could not be put out. There was no sufficient supply of water at hand, and besides, if there had been water, she and the two boys could not have put it on fast enough to extinguish the flames.

"Oh dear me ! oh dear me !" exclaimed Ralph, in great distress, "what shall we do ? Mother ! mother ! what shall we do ?"

"Nothing at all," said his mother, quietly. "*There is nothing for us to do but to stand still, and see it burn.*"

"And there's my poor robin all burning up!" said Ralph, as he ran to and fro in great distress. "Oh, I wish there was somebody here to save my robin!"

The cage containing the robin was hanging in its place, under the shelf by the side of the window. The smoke and flame which came out from the window and from a door below, passed just over it, and so near as to envelope and conceal the top of the cage, and it was plain that the poor bird would soon be suffocated and burned to death, unless some plan for rescuing it could be devised. When Hiram knew the danger that the bird was in, his first thought was that he was glad of it. He pitied the bird very much, but he said to himself that it was good enough for Ralph to lose it. "He deserves to lose his bird," thought he, "for having let my Foxy go."

This spirit, however, of resentment and retaliation remained but a moment in Hiram's mind. When he saw how much interest Bruno seemed to feel in giving the alarm, and in desiring to have the fire extinguished, he said to himself, "Bruno forgives him, and why should not I? I will save the bird for him, if it be possible, even if I get scorched in doing it."

He accordingly ran round to the back side of the garden-house to get the ladder. Bruno followed him, watching him very eagerly to see what he was going to do. Hiram brought the ladder forward, and planted it against the garden-house, a little beyond the place where the cage was hanging. In the meantime, Ralph had run off to the house to get a pail of water, vainly

imagining that he could do at least something with it toward extinguishing the flames and rescuing the bird. By the time he got back, Hiram had placed the ladder, and was just going up, amid the smoke and sparks, to get the cage. Bruno stood by at the foot of the ladder, looking up eagerly to Hiram, and watching, as if he were going to take the cage as soon as it came down.

Hiram had to stop once or twice in going up the ladder to get breath, for the wind blew the smoke and sparks over him so much at intervals as almost to suffocate him. He, however, persevered, and finally succeeded in reaching the cage. He took it off from its fastening, and brought it down the ladder. When he reached the ground, Bruno took it from his hand by means of the ring at the top, and ran off with it away from the fire. He then placed it carefully upon the ground, and began leaping around it, wagging his tail, and manifesting every other indication of excitement and delight.

Ralph was very much pleased, too, to find that his robin was safe. He took the cage, and, carrying it away, set it down at a still greater distance from the fire. The garden-house was burned to the ground. Hiram and Bruno waited there until the fire was almost out, and then they went home. Hiram experienced a feeling of great satisfaction and pleasure at the thought that he had been able to save Ralph's bird. "I should have been sorry," said he to himself, "if he had lost his bird, and I think, too, that he will be sorry now that he let my little Foxy go."

The next morning, after breakfast, Hiram concluded that he would go round into Ralph's garden, and look at the ruins of the fire. He passed out through the gate at the bottom of his father's garden, and then turned into the path leading to the other gate, and there, to his surprise, he saw Ralph sitting on a stone, feeding Bruno with a piece of meat. It was a piece which he had saved from his own breakfast for the purpose. Bruno was eating the meat with an appearance of great satisfaction, while Ralph sat by, patting him on the head.

"Hiram," said Ralph, as soon as he saw Hiram coming, "I am giving Bruno some breakfast."

Bruno looked up towards Hiram, and wagged his tail.

"That's right," said Hiram. "He seems to like it very much."

"Hiram," said Ralph, again.

"What?" said Hiram.

Ralph hesitated. He seemed to have something on his mind, and not to know exactly how to express it.

"How is the robin this morning? Did he get scorched at all by the smoke?"

"No," said Ralph; "he is as bright as a lark." Then after a moment's pause, he added, "I am sorry I let your Foxy get away. I suppose I ought to pay you for him; and if I could get another fox for you, I would. I have not got anything but just my bird. I'll give you him."

To find Ralph taking this view of the subject was something so new and strange to Hiram, that at first he did not know what to say.

"No," he replied, at length, "I would rather not take your bird, though I am very sorry that Foxy has got away. If you had only told me that you wanted your collar, I would have taken it off, and fastened Foxy with something else."

Ralph hung his head, and had nothing to say.

The boys went to look soon after this at the bed of ashes and embers that marked the spot where the garden-house had stood, and then they sauntered together slowly back into Hiram's garden. Bruno followed them. He seemed to understand that a great change had somehow or other taken place in Ralph's disposition of mind toward him, and he was no longer afraid. The boys went together to the place where Foxy had been confined.

"John Thomas hunts foxes sometimes with his father," said Ralph. "There are a great many in the woods at the back of their farm. I am going to see if I can't get him to catch you another young one. I shall tell him I will give him half a dollar if he will get one, and that is all the money I have got."

Hiram did not reply to this suggestion. He did not know exactly what to say. His thought was, that no other fox that could possibly be found would supply the place, in his view, of the one that he had lost. He had taken so much pains to teach that one, and to tame him, that he had become quite attached to him individually, and he was very sure that he should never like any other one so well. He did not, however, like to say this to Ralph, for he perceived that Ralph was very

much troubled about what he had done, and was quite anxious to make some reparation, and he thought that it would trouble him still more to learn that all reparation was wholly out of his power.

"And if he catches one for you," continued Ralph, "then I'll give you the collar for your own. I would give it to you now, if it would do you any good."

"I'll take the chain off, at any rate," said Hiram, "and carry it in, and keep it, in case I ever should have another fox."

So he stooped down, and began to unhook the chain from the stake to which it was fastened. As he did this his face was brought down pretty near to the hole under, the wall, and, looking in there, his attention was attracted to two bright, shining spots there, that looked like the eyes of an animal.

"Hi—yi," said he, suddenly, "I verily believe he is here now. Run and get the collar."

Ralph took a peep, first, into the hole, and then ran for the collar. When he came back, he found Hiram sitting down on the grass, with the fox in his arms. The truth was, that the fox had been treated so kindly since he had been in Hiram's keeping, and he had become so accustomed to his hole under the wall, that he did not wish to go away. When he found himself at liberty by the removal of the collar, he had gone off a little in the grass and among the bushes, but when night came on, he had returned as usual to his hole; and when he heard the voices of the boys at the wall in the morning, he supposed that Hiram had come to give him his

breakfast, and he came accordingly out to the mouth of his hole to see if his supposition were correct. He submitted to have his collar put on very readily.

Thus there was a general reconciliation all round, and Bruno, Foxy, Hiram, and Ralph became, all four of them, very excellent friends.

Be not overcome of evil, but overcome evil with good.

This story reminds me of another one relating to the burning of a small building in the bottom of a garden, called a tool-house. I will here relate that story, and then tell more about Bruno. It will be seen that this tool-house took fire in a very singular way. How Ralph's garden-house took fire was never precisely known. It was probably in some way connected with the matches which Ralph left upon the floor. Whether he stepped upon one of them, and thus ignited it, and left it slowly burning—or whether some mouse came by, and set one of them on fire by gnawing upon it—or whether one of the matches got into a crack of the floor, and was then inflamed by getting pinched there by some springing or working of the boards, produced by the gardener's walking over the floor or wheeling the wheelbarrow in—whether, in fine, the mischief originated in either of these ways, or in some other wholly unknown, could never be ascertained.

At all events, however—and this is the conclusion of the story—the garden-house was soon rebuilt, and Ralph was effectually cured of his resentment and

enmity by the noble and magnanimous spirit which Hiram and Bruno exhibited in saving his bird.

Be not overcome of evil, but overcome evil with good.

Three times I have put this precept in the story, in order that you may be sure to remember it.

THE BURNING OF THE TOOL-HOUSE.

WHEN one has committed a fault, to acknowledge it frankly, and to bear the consequences of it one's self submissively, is magnanimous and noble. On the contrary, to resort to cunning tricks to conceal it, and especially to attempt to throw the blame of it upon others who are innocent, is mean and contemptible.

Once there were two boys, named William and John, who had a building for a tool-house and work-shop at the bottom of their father's garden. It was very similar in its situation to the one described in the last story. The building was at a place where the land descended, so that while it was only one story high on the front side towards the garden, it was two stories high on the other side towards the brook, which ran along near the lower garden fence. The upper part of the building was the tool-room. This room opened out upon one of the alleys of the garden. The lower part was the shop. The door leading into the shop was behind. There was a fire-place in the shop, and the chimney passed up, of course, through the tool-room ; but there was no fire-place in the tool-room, for there never was any occasion to make a fire there. The only use of that room was, that Thomas, the old gardener, used to keep his spades, and rakes, and hoes, and other garden tools in it ; and sometimes of a summer evening, when his work was done, he used to sit at the door of it and

smoke his pipe. The building was very convenient, though it was small, and old, and so not of much value.

In the winter the boys were accustomed occasionally to have a fire in the work-shop below, when they were at work there. There was not much danger in this, for the floor of the room was of stone.

In the summer, of course, they never required a fire, except when they wished to use the glue. Then they were accustomed to make a small fire to dissolve the glue. One summer morning, however, they wanted a candle. They had been collecting garden seeds, and they wished to seal them up in small packages with sealing-wax. It would have been better, perhaps, to have tied the parcels up with twine; but the boys took a fancy to using sealing-wax, for the sake of the interest and pleasure which they expected to find in the work of sealing. So, just before noon, when they had got their seeds all ready, William went up to the house, and his mother gave him a long candle.

When William came into the shop, John accosted him, saying,

"Why, William, you have not brought any candlestick. What shall we do for a candlestick?"

"I forgot that," said William.

"Never mind," said John; "we can make one with a block and three nails."

There is a way of making a candlestick in a shop, which consists of driving three nails into a small block of wood, at such a distance apart as to leave just space for the end of the candle between them. If the nails

are driven into the block in a proper manner, and if the heads of the nails are not too large, this contrivance makes quite a good candlestick.

Another way is to make a similar block of wood, and bore a hole in the top of it just large enough to receive the end of the candle, and just deep enough to hold it firmly.

William proposed that they should make the candlestick by boring a hole, but John thought it was best to do it by means of nails.

So they concluded to make two. John was to make one with nails, and William one with the borer. So they both began to look about among the shavings under the bench for blocks, and when they found two that seemed to answer their purpose. William went to a drawer, and selected a borer of the proper size, while John began to choose nails with small heads out of the nail-box which was upon the bench, for his operation.

In due time the candlesticks were both finished. The one which William had made was really the best; but John insisted that the one which he had made was the best, and so William, who was a very good-natured boy, gave up the point. The candle was put into John's candlestick, and William put his away upon a shelf, to be used, perhaps, on some future occasion. The boys then lighted the candle by means of a match, and put it on the end of the work-bench, where they were going to do the work of putting up their seeds.

It was now, however, about noon, which was the hour for the boys to go home to dinner. They arranged

their seeds a little upon the bench, but did not have time to begin to seal them up before they heard the dinner-bell ring. They then left their work, and went up to the house. Unfortunately, they left the candle burning. As it was bright daylight, and especially as the sun shone in near where the candle stood, the flame was very faint to the view; in fact, it was almost entirely invisible, and the boys, when they looked around the shop just before they left it, did not observe it at all.

After dinner, the boys concluded that they would go a fishing that afternoon, and not finish putting up their seeds until the following day.

While they were gone, the candle was burning all the time, the flame gradually descended as the combustion went on, until, about tea-time, it reached the block of wood. It did not set the wood on fire, but the wick fell over, when the flame reached the wood, and communicated the fire to a roll of matting which lay upon the bench behind it. The matting had been used to wrap up plants in, and was damp; so it burned very slowly. About this time, Thomas, the old gardener, came and sat down in the doorway of the tool-house above, smoking his pipe. He did not know, however, what mischief was brewing in the room below; and so, when it began to grow dark, he knocked the ashes out of his pipe upon the ground of the garden, shut the tool-room door, and went home.

That night, about midnight, the boys were suddenly awakened and dreadfully terrified by a cry of Fire, and, on opening their eyes, they perceived a strong light

gleaming into the windows of their bed-room. They sprang up, and saw that the tool-house was all on fire. The people of the house dressed themselves as quick as possible, and hastened to the spot, and some of the neighbours came too. It was, however, too late to extinguish the fire. The building and all the tools which it contained, both in the tool-room and in the shop, and all the seeds that the boys had collected, were entirely consumed.

Nobody could imagine how the building took fire. Some said it must have been set on fire by malicious persons. Others thought that old Thomas must have been unconsciously the author of the mischief, with his pipe. Nothing certain, however, could be ascertained at that time, and so the company separated, determined to have the matter more fully investigated the following morning.

William and John, who had dressed themselves when the alarm was first given, and had gone to the fire, now went back to their room, and went to bed again.

After they had been in bed some time, and each thought that the other must be asleep, William said to John,

"John!"

"What?" said John.

"Are you asleep?" asked William.

"No," said John.

"I will tell you how I think the tool-house got on fire," said William.

"How?" asked John.

"Why, I believe we left our candle burning there," replied William.

"Yes," said John, "I thought of that myself."

Here there was a little pause.

Presently John said,

"I don't suppose that they will know that our candle set it on fire."

"No," said William, "unless we tell them."

"They will suppose, I expect," added John, "that Thomas set it on fire with his pipe."

"Yes," said William, "perhaps they will."

Here there was another pause.

"Unless," continued John, after reflecting on the subject a little while in silence, "unless mother should remember that she gave us the candle, and ask us about it."

"We could say," he added again, "that we did not go into the shop any time in the afternoon or evening. That would be true."

"Yes," said William. "We did not go into it at all after we went home to dinner."

The boys remained silent a few minutes after this, when John, who felt quite uneasy in mind on the subject, said again,

"I expect that father would be very much displeased with us if he knew that we set the tool-house on fire, or it has burned up all his tools."

"Yes," said William.

"And I suppose he would punish us in some way or other," added John.

"Yes," said William, "I think it very likely that he would."

"But then, John," continued William, "I don't think it would be right to let Thomas bear the blame of setting the tool-house on fire, when we are the ones that did it."

John was silent.

"I think we had better go and tell father about it the first thing to-morrow morning."

"We shall get punished if we do," said John.

"Well," said William, "I don't care. I had rather be punished than try to keep it secret. If we try to keep it secret, and let Thomas bear the blame, we shall be miserable about it for a long time, and feel guilty or ashamed whenever we meet father or Thomas. I had rather be punished at once and have it done with."

"Well," said John, "let us tell father. We will tell him the first thing to-morrow morning."

The matter being thus arranged, the boys ceased talking about it, and went their ways to go to sleep. After a few minutes, however, William spoke to his brother again.

"John," said he, "I think I would go to sleep father if I should go and tell father now all about it. I don't suppose that he is asleep yet."

"Well," said John, "go and tell him."

So William got up and at last, and went to the door of his father's room. He knocked at the door, and his father said, "Come in." William opened the door. His father was at bed, and there was an light in

the room, except a dim night-lamp that was burning on a table.

"Father," said William, "I came to tell you that I suppose I know how our tool-house caught fire."

"How was it?" asked his father.

"Why, John and I had a candle there before dinner, and I believe we left it burning; and so I suppose that when it burned down it set the bench on fire."

"That could not have been the way," said his father, "for when it got down to the candlestick, it would go out."

"But there was not any candlestick," said William. "only a wooden one, which we made out of a block and three nails."

"Oh! that was the way, was it?" said his father "Indeed!"

Here there was a short pause: William waited to hear what his father would say next.

"Well, William," said his father, at length, "you are a very good boy to come and tell me. Now go back to your bed, and go to sleep. We will see all about it in the morning."

So William went out; but, just as he was shutting the door, his father called to him again.

"William!" said he.

"What, sir?" said William.

"Get up as early as you can to-morrow morning and go to Thomas, and tell him how it was. He thinks that he must have set the tool-house on fire, and he is quite troubled about it."

"Yes, sir, I will," said William.

Then he went back to his room, and reported to John what he had done, and what his father had said. The boys were both very much relieved in mind from having made their confession.

"I am very glad I told him," said William, "and now I only wish I could tell Thomas about it without waiting till morning."

"So do I," said John.

"But we can't," said William; "so now we will go to sleep. But we will get up, and go to his house the first thing in the morning."

This the boys did. Thomas's mind was very much relieved when he heard their story. He went directly into the house to tell his wife, who, as well as himself, had been very anxious about the origin of the fire. When he came out, he told the boys that he was very much obliged to them for coming to tell him about it so early. "In fact," said he, "I think it is very generous and noble of you to take the blame of the fire upon yourselves, instead of letting it rest upon innocent people. There are very few boys that would have done so."

William and John were fortunately disappointed in their expectations that they should have to suffer some punishment for their fault. In fact, they were not even reproved. They told their father all about it at breakfast, and he said that, though it certainly was not a prudent thing for boys to trust themselves with a wooden candlestick in a shop full of wood and shavings, still

he did not think that they deserved any particular censure for having made one. "The whole thing was one of those accidents which will occur," said he, "and you need not think anything more about it. I will have a new tool-house and shop built pretty soon, and will make it better than the old one was. And now, after breakfast, you may go down and rake over the ashes, and see if you can rake out any of the remains of the garden tools."

It would have been better for the story if it had happened that the boys, in setting fire to the tool-house, had really been guilty of some serious fault, for which they were afterwards to be punished ; for the nobleness and magnanimity which are displayed in confessing a fault, are so much the greater when the person confessing occasions himself suffering by it.

WILLING TO LEARN.

BRUNO had one excellent quality, which made him a special favourite with the several boys that owned him at different times. He *was willing to learn*.

When you are attempting to teach a dog any new art or accomplishment, it is a great thing to have him willing to learn. It is the same, in fact, if it is a girl or a boy that is the pupil. Sometimes, however, when you are attempting to teach a dog, he shows very plainly all the time that he does not wish to learn. If you have got him harnessed into a little carriage, and wish to teach him to draw, he will stop and seem very unwilling to proceed, and, perhaps, sit right down upon the ground ; or, if he has any chance to do so, he will run off and hide in the bushes ; or if it is in the house that you are teaching him, in a corner of the room or under the table. I was taking a walk once on the margin of a stream, and I met some boys who were attempting to teach their dog to dive into the water after sticks and such things, and the dog was so unwilling to make the attempt, that they were obliged every time to take him up and throw him in.

I have known children to behave just in this way in learning to read or to write. They come to the work reluctantly, and get away from it as often and as quick as they can. But it was not so with Bruno. He was glad to learn anything that the boys were willing to

teach him. A boy at one time took it into his head to teach him to walk up a flight of steps backward, and although Bruno could not conceive what possible advantage it could ever be to him to learn such an accomplishment as that, still he went to work resolutely to learn it, and though at first he found it very difficult to do, he soon succeeded in going up very well.

If any boy who reads this book should make the attempt to teach *his* dog to go up steps backward, and should find the dog unwilling to learn, he will know at once how hard it is for his teacher to teach him to write or to calculate, when he takes no interest in the work himself. If he then imagines that his dog were as desirous of learning to go up the steps backward as he is to teach him, and were willing to try, and thinks how easy it would be in that case to accomplish the object, he will see how much his own progress in study would be promoted by his being cordially interested himself in what he is doing.

I am always surprised when I find a dog that is willing to learn, and am still more surprised when I find a child that is not willing. A dog learns for the benefit of his master, a child learns for his own benefit. I knew a dog who was taught to go to market. His master would put the money and a memorandum of the things that were to be bought in the basket, and the dog would then carry the basket to market by the handle, which he held in his mouth. Then the market-man would take out the money and the memorandum, and would put in the things that were wanted, and the

dog would carry them home. Now this was of no advantage to the dog, except from the honourable satisfaction which he derived from it in the thought that he was usefully employed, and that he was considered worthy to sustain important trusts and responsibilities. So far as his own ease and comfort was concerned, it would have been better for him never to have learned such an art, and then, instead of carrying a heavy basket to and fro along the street, he could have spent his time in basking in the sun, or playing about with other dogs. There is no necessity for a dog to learn anything for his own advantage. Nature teaches him every thing that he requires for himself. He has to study and learn only for the benefit of his master.

It is very different from this with a child. When a child is in his earliest infancy, he is the most ignorant and helpless being imaginable. He cannot speak; he cannot walk; he cannot stand; he cannot even creep along the floor. Then, besides, he *knows* nothing. He does not know any of the persons around him; he does not know the light; he is bewildered, and filled with a stupid kind of wonder when he looks at it; he does not know how to open and shut his hand, or to take hold of anything; and long after this, when he begins to learn how to take hold of things, he is so ignorant and foolish, that he is as ready to take hold of a burning candle as anything else.

Of course, to fit such a child to perform the duties of a man in such a busy world as this, he has a great many

things to learn. And what is to be particularly noticed is, that he must learn everything himself. His parents cannot learn for him. His parents can *teach* him—that is, they can show him how to learn—but they cannot learn for him. When they show him how to learn, if he will not learn, and if they cannot contrive any means to make him, there is an end of it. They can do no more. He must remain ignorant.

Sometimes a child, when his father and mother wish to teach him to walk, is *not* willing to learn. He will not try. He sits down at once upon the ground, and will not make any effort, like the dog who does not wish to learn to draw. So far as learning to walk is concerned, this is of no great consequence, for, as his strength increases, he will at last learn to walk himself, without any particular teaching.

There are a great many things, however, which it is very important for children to know, that they never would learn of themselves. These they must be taught, and taught very patiently and carefully. Reading is one of those things, and writing is another. Then there is arithmetic, and all the other studies taught in schools. Some children are sensible enough to see how important it is that they should learn all these things, and are not only willing, but are glad to be taught them. Like Bruno, they are pleased, and they try to learn. Others are unwilling to learn. They are sullen and ill-humoured about it. They will not make any cordial and earnest efforts. The consequence is, that they learn very little. But then, when they grow up, and find out how much

more other people know and can do than they, they bitterly regret their folly.

Some children, instead of being unwilling to learn what their parents desire to teach them, are so eager to learn, that they ingeniously contrive ways and means to teach themselves. I once knew a boy, whose parents were poor, so that they could not afford to send him to school, and he went as an apprentice to learn the trade of shoemaking. He knew how important it was to study arithmetic, but he had no one to teach him, and, besides that, he had no book, and no slate and pencil. He, however, contrived to borrow an arithmetic book, and then he procured a large shingle (a broad thin piece of wood, formed like a slate, and used for covering roofs), and a piece of chalk, to serve for slate-pencil. Thus provided he went to work by himself in the evenings, ciphering in the chimney-corner by the light of the kitchen fire. Of course he met with great difficulties, but he persevered, and by industry and patience, and by such occasional help as he could obtain from the persons around him, he succeeded, and went regularly through the book. That boy afterwards, when he grew up, became a senator.

Some things are very difficult to learn, and children are very often displeased because their parents and teachers insist on teaching them such difficult things. But the reason is, that the things that are most difficult to learn are usually those that are most valuable to know.

Once I was in the country, and I had occasion to go



into a lawyer's office to get the lawyer to make a writing for me about the sale of a piece of land. It took the lawyer about half an hour to make the writing. When it was finished, and I asked him how much I was to pay, he said one dollar. I expected that it would have been much more than that. It was worth a great deal more than that to me. So I paid him the dollar, and went out.

At the door was a labourer sawing wood. He had been sawing there all the time that I had been in the lawyer's office. I asked him how long he had to saw wood to earn a dollar.

"All day," said he. "I get just a dollar a day."

Now some persons might think it strange, that while the lawyer, sitting quietly in his office by a pleasant fire, and doing such easy work as writing, could earn a dollar in half an hour, that the labourer should have to work all day to earn the same sum. But the explanation of it is, that while the lawyer's work is very easy to do after you have learned how to do it, it is very *difficult to learn*. It takes a great many years of long and patient study to become a good lawyer, so as to make writings correctly. On the other hand, it is very easy to learn to saw wood. Anybody that has strength enough to saw wood can learn to do it very well in two or three days. Thus the things that are the most difficult to learn are, of course, best paid for when they are learned; and parents wish to provide for

their children the means of living easily and comfort in future life, by teaching them, while they are young, a great many difficult things. The foolish children, however, are often ill-humoured and sullen, and do not learn them. They would rather go and play.

It is very excusable in a dog to evince this reluctance to be taught, but it is wholly inexcusable in a child

PANSITA.

THIS is a true story of a dog named Pansita. They commonly called her Pannie.

Pansita was a prairie-dog. These prairie-dogs are wild. They live in Mexico. They burrow in the ground, and it is extremely difficult to catch them. They are small, but very beautiful.

Pansita belonged to an Indian girl on the western coast of Mexico. An American, who came into that country from Lima, which is a city in Peru, saw Pansita.

"What a pretty dog!" said he. "How I should like her for a present to the American minister's wife in Lima."

So he went to the Indian girl, and tried to buy the dog, but the girl would not sell her. She liked her dog better than any money that he could give her.

Then the gentleman took some gold pieces out of his pocket, and showed them to the mother of the girl.

"See," said he, "I will give you all these gold pieces if you will sell me Pansita."

The Indian woman counted over the gold as the gentleman held it in his hand, and found that it made eighteen dollars. She said that the girl should sell Pansita for that money. So she took the dog out of the girl's arms, and gave it to the gentleman. The poor girl burst into a loud cry of grief and alarm at the thought of losing her dog. She threw the pieces of gold which

her mother had put into her hand down upon the ground, and screamed to the stranger to bring back her dog.

But he would not hear. He put the dog in his pocket, and ran away as fast as he could run, till he got to his boat, and the sailors rowed him away.

He took the dog in a ship, and carried her to Peru. When he landed, he wished to send her up to Lima. So he put her in a box. He had made openings in the box, so that little Pannie might breathe on the way. He gave the box to a friend of his who was going to Lima, and asked him to deliver it to the American minister.

He was afraid that the gentleman would not take good care of the box if he knew that there was only a dog inside, so he pretended that it was a chronometer, and he marked it "*This Side up, with Care.*"

A chronometer is a sort of large watch used at sea. It is a very exact and a very costly instrument.

He gave the box to his friend, and said, "Will you be kind enough, sir, to take this chronometer in your lap, and carry it to Lima, and give it to the American minister there?"

The gentleman said that he would, and he took the box in his lap, and carried it with great care.

Before long, however, Pansita, not having quite air enough to breathe inside the box, put her nose out through one of the openings.

"Ah!" said the gentleman, "this is something strange. I never knew a ship's chronometer to have a nose before."

Thus he discovered that it was a dog, and not a *chronometer* that he was carrying.

He, however, continued to carry the box very carefully, and when he arrived at Lima he delivered it safely to the minister, and the minister gave it to his wife.

The lady was very much pleased to see such a beautiful dog. Its form was graceful, its eyes full of meaning, and its fur was like brown silk, very soft, and smooth, and glossy.

By-and-by a revolution broke out in Lima, and there was great confusion and violence in the streets.

The Americans that were there flocked to the house of the minister for protection. The house was a sort of castle. It had a court in the centre, and great iron gates across the passage-way that formed the entrance. The minister brought soldiers from the ships to guard his castle, and shut the gates to keep the people that were fighting in the streets from getting in. He hoisted the American flag, too, on the corner of the battlements. The Americans that had fled there for safety were all within the walls, greatly alarmed.

Pansita, wondering what all the noise and confusion in the streets could mean, concluded that she would go and see. So, watching her opportunity, she slipped through among the soldiers to the passage-way, and thence out between the bars of the great iron gates. The lady, when she found that Pansita had gone out, was greatly alarmed.

"She will be killed!" said she. "She will be killed! What can I do to save her? She will certainly be killed!"

But nothing could be done to save Pansita ; for if they had opened the gates to go out and find her, the people that were fighting in the streets would have perhaps rushed in, and then they would all have been killed.

So they had to wait till the fighting was over, and then they went out to look for Pansita. To their great joy, they found her safe in a house round the corner.

After a time, the minister and his wife returned to America, and they brought Pansita with them. They had a house on the North River, and Pansita lived with them there many years in great splendour and happiness.

The lady made a bed for Pannie in a basket, with nice and well-made bed clothes to cover her when she was asleep. Pannie would get into this bed at night, but she would always scratch upon it with her claws before she lay down. This was her instinct.

She was accustomed in her youth, when she was burrowing in the ground in the prairies in Mexico, to make the place soft where she was going to lie down by scratching up the earth with her paws, and she continued the practice now, though, of course, this was not a proper way to beat up a bed of feathers.

Pannie was a great favourite with all who knew her. She was affectionate in her disposition, and mild and gentle in her demeanor ; and, as is usually the case with those who possess such a character, she made a great many friends and no enemies.

- By-and-by Pannie grew old and infirm. She became deaf and blind, and sometimes, when the time came for

her to go to bed at night, she would make a mistake, and get into the wrong basket—a basket that belonged to another dog. This would make Looly, the dog that the basket belonged to, very angry. Looly would run about the basket, and whine and moan until Pannie was taken out and put into her own place.

At last Pansita died. They put her body in a little leaden coffin, and buried it in a very pleasant place between two trees.

Be kind and gentle to the aged; for age has its attendant afflictions to all mankind.

THE DOG'S PETITION.

ONE day, about the middle of the quarter, in a certain school, what the boys called Letter-day came. Letter-day was a day in which all the boys in the school were employed in writing letters.

Each boy, on these occasions, selected some absent friend or acquaintance, and wrote a letter to him. The letters were written first on a slate, and then, after being carefully corrected, were copied neatly on sheets of paper and sent. The writing of these letters was thus made a regular exercise of the school. It was, in fact, a regular exercise in composition.

A boy named Erskine, after taking out his slate, and writing the date upon the top of it, asked the teacher whom he thought it would be best for him to write to.

"How would you like to write to your aunt?" asked the teacher.

"Why, *pretty* well," said Erskine, rather doubtfully.

"I think it would be doing good to write to her," said the teacher. "It will please her very much to have a letter from you."

"Then I will," said Erskine. "On the whole, I should like to write to her very much."

So Erskine wrote the letter, and, when it had been corrected and copied, it was sent.

This is the letter. It gives an account of a petition

offered by a dog to his master, begging to be allowed to accompany the boys of the school on an excursion.

“DEAR AUNT,—

“August 2, 1853.

“I HOPE you have been well since I heard from you.

“We took an excursion up to Orange Pond, and stayed all day. In the morning it was very misty, but in about an hour it cleared up, and the sun came out. Charles and Stephen went over to Mr. Wingate's to get a stage, and a lumber-waggon, and a carriage. There were two horses in the stage, and an old grey one in the lumber-waggon. Wright and I went down to get William Harmer, a new scholar, to come up here before we started. At last we all were ready, Crusoe and all. The teacher bought a little dog in the vacation, and named him Crusoe. One of the boys wrote a letter, and tied it about Crusoe's neck, and this was it:—

““MY VERY DEAR MASTER,—

““Can I go with the boys to-day on the excursion? I will be very good, and not bark or bite. I wish to go very much indeed, and I hope you will let me.

““From your affectionate dog,

““Bow-wow-wow.”

“Soon we started. It was very cool when we left home, but when we got out on the hills it was very hot. The teacher let us get out at once and get some berries. After a ride of about nine miles, we got out, and found it a very cool place. The public-house was very near to the pond, and we ran down there as soon as we got our

fishing-poles. Some of the boys got into an old boat, and got a fish as soon as they cast their poles out. The man said some of us should go out on an old rock that was there, and the rest of us in a boat. We had a fine time fishing, and caught about thirty small fish. Mr. Wingate went out in another boat, and caught a very large perch and pickerel, and a few other fish. After we had caught a few more fish, we became tired, and wanted to go to the shore; so the teacher took two or three of us at a time, and we went to the shore. After we had played around a little, we had a nice dinner, and then we went in swimming. The man said we might dive off the small row-boats. We had fine fun pulling the boats along while we were wading in the water, for it was nice and sandy on the bottom. We found we could wade out to the rock before named. We all waded out on it; but no sooner had we got on the top, than we jumped off in all directions, for it was so hot that one could roast an egg on it. We all ran back to the shore as fast as we could go, laughing heartily. As soon as we got up and were dressed, we went up to the house. Mr. Wingate harnessed up the horses, and we were soon trotting home. We went around by a different way from the one we came by, through some woods, and had a fine ride home. That is the end of our excursion to Orange Pond.

“From your affectionate friend,

“ERSKINE.”

Erskine's aunt was very much gratified at receiving this letter. She read it with great interest, and answered it very soon.

THE STORM ON THE LAKE.

MOUNTAINS make storms, storms make rain fall, and the rain that falls makes springs, brooks, and lakes; thus mountains, storms, brooks, and lakes go together.

Mountains make storms, and cause the rain to fall by chilling the air around their summits, and condensing the vapour into rain and into snow. Around the lower parts of the mountain, where it is pretty warm, the vapour falls in rain. Around the higher parts, where it is cold, it falls in snow.

Part of the water from the rain soaks into the ground, on the declivities of the mountains, and comes out again, lower down, in springs. Another portion flows down the ravines in brooks and torrents, and these, uniting together, form larger and larger streams, until, at length, they become great rivers, that flow across wide continents. If you were to follow up almost any river in the world, you would come to mountains at last.

It does not always rain among the mountains, but the springs and streams always flow. The reason of this is, that before the water which falls in one storm or shower has had time to drain out from the ground and flow away, another storm comes and renews the supply. If it were to cease to rain altogether among the mountains, the water that is now in them would soon be all drained off, and the springs and streams would all be dry.

But how is it in regard to lakes? How are the lakes formed?

This is the way. When the water, in flowing down in the brooks and streams, comes to a valley from which it cannot run out, it continues to run in and fill up the valley, until it reaches the level of some place where it *can* run out. As soon as it reaches that level, the surplus water runs out at the opening as fast as it comes in from the springs and streams, and then the lake never rises any higher.

A lake, then, is nothing but a valley full of water.

Of course, there are more valleys among mountains than anywhere else, and there, too, there are more streams and springs to fill them. Thus, among mountains, we generally find a great many lakes.

Since lakes are formed in this way, you would expect in going around one, that you would find some streams flowing into it, and *one* stream flowing out. This is the case with almost all lakes. The place where the water flows out of the lake is called the outlet. The streams which flow into the lake are sometimes called the *feeders*. They feed the lake, as it were, with water.

Sometimes a lake or pond has no outlet. This is the case when there are so few streams running into it that all the water that enters can dry up from the surface of the lake, or soak away into the ground.

Sometimes you will find, among hilly pastures, a small pond, lying in a hollow, which has not any outlet, or any feeders either. Such a pond as this is fed either by secret springs beneath the ground, or else by the water which falls on the slopes around it when it is actually raining.

If you were to take an umbrella, and go to visit such a pond in the midst of a shower, and were to look down among the grass, you would see a great many little streams of water flowing down into the pond.

Then if, after the shower was over, you were to put up a measure in the water, and leave it there a few days or a week, and then visit it again, you would find that the surface of the water would have subsided—that is, gone down. As soon as the rain ceases, so that all fresh supplies of water are cut off, the water already in the pond begins at once to soak away slowly into the ground, and to evaporate into the air. Once I knew a boy who was of an inquiring turn of mind; and who concluded to ascertain precisely what the changes were which took place in the level of a small pond, which lay in a hollow behind his father's garden. So he measured off the inches on a smooth stick, and marked them, and then he set up the stick in the water of the pond. Thus he could note exactly how the water should rise or fall. There came a great shower very soon after he set up his measure, and it caused the water in the pond to rise three inches. After that it was dry weather for a long time, and the level of the pond fell four inches lower than it was when he first put up the measure.

Lakes among the mountains are often very large, and the waves which rise upon them in sudden tempests of wind and rain sometimes run very high.

The Lake of Gennesaret, so often mentioned in the New Testament, was such a lake, and violent storms of wind and rain rose sometimes very suddenly upon it.

One evening, Jesus and his disciples undertook to cross this lake in a small vessel. It was very pleasant when they commenced the voyage, but in the night a sudden storm came on, and the waves rose so high that they beat into the ship. This was the time that the disciples came and awoke Jesus, who was asleep in the stern of the ship when the storm came on, and called upon Him to save them. He arose immediately, and came forward, and rebuked the winds and the sea, and immediately they became calm.

An anchor, in such a case as this, would be useless. The water is too deep in the middle of the lake for it to reach the bottom; and besides, if it were possible to anchor the vessel in such a place, it would do more harm than good, for any confining of the ship, in such a sea, would only help the waves to fill it the sooner.

The people who live on the borders of the lakes that lie among the mountains often go out upon them, in boats. Sometimes they go to fish, sometimes to make passages to and fro along the lake, when there is no convenient road by land, and sometimes they go to bring loads of hay or sheaves of grain home from their field which lies at a distance from the house, and is near the margin of the water.

When a storm arises on a lake after the boat has gone out, the people who remain at home are often very anxious, fearing that the boat may have been overwhelmed by the waves. George Thompson and his youngest son, Oliver, went out in the middle of the day, and though it was night, they had not returned. The family were

anxious about their safety, for in the middle of the afternoon there was a violent storm of thunder and lightning, with dreadful gusts of wind and pouring rain. The storm had entirely passed away, and the moon shone serenely in the sky, still the boat did not return. The family feared that it had foundered in the storm.

The family live in a cottage on the margin of the lake. Marie, the wife of the man, and the mother of Oliver, that went away in the boat, is very anxious and unhappy.

"Do you think they are lost?" she said to Orlando.

Orlando was her eldest son.

"Oh no," replied Orlando. "When the black clouds began to come up in the sky, and they heard the thunder, they would go to the shore, and draw up their boat there till the storm was over. And now that the water is smooth again, and the air calm, I presume they are somewhere coming home."

"But how can they find their way home in the darkness of the night?" said Marie.

"There is a moon to-night," said Marie's father. He was an old man, and he was sitting at this time in the chimney-corner.

"Yes, there is a moon," replied Marie, "but it is half hidden by the broken clouds that are still floating in the sky."

"I will light the lantern," said Orlando, "and go out, and hold it up on a high part of the shore. They will then see the light of it, and it will guide them in."

Bruno was lying before the fire while this conversa-

tion was going on. He was listening to it very attentively, though he could not understand it all. He knew some words, and he learned from the words which he heard that they were talking about the boat and the water, and Pierre, the man, who was gone. So, when Orlando rose, and went to get the lantern, Bruno started up too, and followed him. He did not know whether there would be anything that he could do, but he wished to be ready at a moment's notice, in case there should be anything.

He stood by Orlando's side, and looked up very eagerly into his face while he was taking down the lantern, and then went with him out at the door. The old man went out too. He went down as near as he could get to the shore of the pond, in order to look over the water. Orlando remained nearer the door of the cottage, where the land was higher, and where he thought the lantern could be better seen. Marie, with her baby in her arms, and her little daughter, Anna, by her side, came out to the steps of the door. Bruno took his place by Orlando's side, ready to be called upon at any time, if there should be anything that he could do, and looking eagerly over the water, to see whether he could not himself make some discoveries.

He would have liked to have held the lantern, but it would not have been possible for him to have held it sufficiently high.

Just at this time the moon began to come out from *behind the clouds*, and its light was reflected beautifully *on the waters of the lake*, and the old man obtained, as

he thought, a glimpse of a dark object gliding slowly along over the surface of the distant water.

"They are coming!" he exclaimed. "They are coming! I see them coming!"

Bruno saw the boat too, and he soon began to leap about, and bark to express his joy.

Thus Bruno always felt an interest in all that interested his master, and he stood by ready to help, even when there was nothing for him to do. It is always a source of great pleasure to a father to observe that his boy takes an interest in what he is doing, and stands ready to help him, provided always that he does not interrupt the work by asking questions. This Bruno never did. He never interrupted work in any way, and least of all by asking questions.

It is far more manly and noble for boys to take an interest, sometimes, in useful work, than to be wholly absorbed, as some boys are, all the time in idle play.

TAKING AN INTEREST.

THERE is a great difference between the dog and the horse, in respect to the interest which they take in any work which they have to do. A horse does not like to work. He never runs to his master to be saddled when his master wishes to go and take a ride. If he runs either way, he runs off. If you wish at any time to take a ride in a waggon, and you go into the pasture to find your horse, it is often very hard work to catch him. He knows that you are going to harness him up, and give him something to do, and he does not like to do it ; so away he goes, bounding over the pasture, and looking back, first over one shoulder, and then over the other, to see whether you are pursuing him.

It is very different with the dog. As soon as he sees his master take down his hat and cane, he jumps up and runs to accompany him. He desires, above all things, to accompany his master wherever he goes, that he may protect him, and render him any other service which occasion may require.

It is true that a dog does not generally like to be harnessed into a waggon, and draw ; but the reason of this probably is, that drawing a load is not a work that he is by nature fitted for. He is not properly built for such work. His shoulders are not fitted to receive a collar, and his feet are not of the right form to take good hold of the ground. The nature and qualities of the dog fit

him for other duties, and these duties he is always greatly interested in performing. If his master is a traveller, he is always ready to set out on the journey with him. If his master stays at home, he is always on the watch about the house, guarding the premises, and ready to do anything that he may be called upon to do. In a word, such duties as he is at all qualified for by his nature and habits, he is always ready to perform with alacrity and with hearty good-will.

What a fine thing it would be for a boy to have a horse of such a disposition—a little black pony, I will suppose—just large enough for a boy to harness and drive! Suppose you had such a pony. You take the bridle, and go out into the pasture for him some day when you feel inclined to take a ride. As soon as you enter the pasture you call him. Immediately on hearing your voice he runs out of the thicket where he was lying in the shade, and ascends an eminence near, so that he can see. He looks all around to find where the voice comes from, and when he sees you with the bridle in your hand, he immediately feels proud and happy at the thought of being employed, and he comes galloping toward you, prancing and capering in a very joyous manner.

As soon as he gets near you he ceases his prancing, and, walking up to you, he holds his head down that you may put the bridle on. As soon as the bridle is buckled, you put the bridle-rein over his neck, and say,

“There! run along, pony!”

So your pony runs along before you, looking back

from time to time, first over one shoulder, and then over the other, not to see whether you are pursuing him, in order that he may escape, but to be sure that you are following him, and that he is going the right way. When he gets to the gate, he waits till you come to open it for him ; or, if he has ingenuity enough to lift up the latch himself, he opens the gate and goes through, and then waits outside till you come. As soon as you have gone through the gate, he trots off to the barn. He does not know yet whether you are going to put the saddle on, or to harness him into your little waggon ; but he is equally ready for either. He looks forward with great pleasure to the thought of carrying you along over a pleasant road, cantering merrily up and down the hills ; and he resolves that he will take special care not to stumble or fall with you. Or, if he finds that you prefer riding in the waggon that day, he thinks how pleasant it will be to trot along over the road with you, and give you a good drive. If you stop anywhere by the way, he waits patiently where you leave him until you come back again. If he is in the waggon he stands very still, lest he should do some damage to the vehicle by moving about. If he has a saddle on, he walks out to the road-side, perhaps to crop the grass a little, while he is waiting, but he lifts up his head now and then to see if you are coming, in order that he may be all ready to go on again when you wish to go.

It would certainly be a fine thing to have such a pony as that.

But for a man, it is a finer thing to have such a *boy* as

that. I never knew such ponies, but I have often known such boys. They take a special interest and pleasure in being useful, and especially in assisting their father and mother in anything, no matter what it is, that their father and mother wish to do. They feel proud and happy to be employed, and come always with a ready alacrity whenever they are called upon, and do what they can do with a hearty good-will.

Boys sometimes take an interest of the wrong kind in what their fathers are doing—that is, an interest which seeks for their own pleasure and amusement, and not for the furtherance of the work. There was a farmer, for instance, once, who had two sons, Lawrence and Georgie. The farmer was building a shed, and when the shed was framed, the carpenters came one afternoon to raise it. Lawrence was away from home when the carpenters came, having gone to the mill, but Georgie was very much interested in the raising, and he brought several of the boys of the neighbourhood to see it. With these boys he played about among the timbers of the frame, running along upon them from end to end, or jumping over them. He made a great deal of noise in singing to express his joy, and in calling to his companions.

“Georgie,” said his father, at last, “be still, or I shall send you away.”

His father should have sent him away at once, instead of threatening to do so if he was not still.

Georgie was still after this, for he knew that his father would do as he said ; but he soon found out other means

of making trouble besides noise. He and the other boys went to one of the carpenters, who was boring a hole, and he began to beg the carpenter to let him take the auger and bore it.

"I can bore," said he.

"I see you can," said the carpenter, "but I wish you would not come here and bore me."

The other carpenters who were near laughed at hearing this, and Georgie, not liking to be laughed at, walked away to another part of the work. Here he began to ask questions, such as what this beam was for, and what tenon was going into that mortice, and whether such and such a hole was not bored wrong. All these questions interrupted the workmen, confused them in their calculations, and hindered the work. At last, Georgie's father told him not to ask any more questions, but to keep perfectly still.

His father would, in fact, have sent him away entirely, were it not that he was wanted from time to time to do an errand, or fetch a tool. These errands, however, he did very slowly and reluctantly, so that he was of little service. Finally, he proposed to the boys that they should make a balancer, and they did so. They put up one short beam of wood upon another, and then, placing a plank across, two of the boys got on, one at each end, and began see-sawing up and down. This was their balancer.

"Isn't it good fun," said Georgie, as he went up into the air, "to have a raising?"

"Yes," said the other boy, who was then down by the ground.



GEORGE AND HIS COMPANION.



"I hope they won't get through to-night," said Georgie, coming down, "and then we can have some more fun to-morrow."

Just then the upper beam, which supported the balancer, fell off, and the plank, with the boys on it, came to the ground. There was now a great outcry. Georgie's father and some of the carpenters came to see if the boys were hurt. They were not seriously hurt but the accident occasioned quite an interruption to the raising.

So Georgie's father, finding that the trouble which Georgie caused him was greater far than any service that he rendered, sent him away.

Now this is not the right way to take an interest in what your father or mother is doing.

Lawrence got back from the mill just as Georgie went away. He immediately came and took Georgie's place. He stationed himself near his father, so as to be ready to do anything which might be required whenever he should be called upon. He observed carefully everything that was done, but he asked no questions. If he saw that a tool was wanted, or going to be wanted, he brought it, so as to have it all ready the moment it should be required. Thus, although he could not do much substantial work himself, he assisted the men who could do it very much, and rendered very effectual service, so that the raising went on very prosperously, and was finished that night, greatly to his father's satisfaction.

At supper that night the farmer took his seat at the

table. His wife sat opposite to him. Lawrence was on one side, and Georgie on the other.

"Have you finished the raising?" said his wife.

"Yes," said the farmer, "we have finished it. I did not expect to get through. But we *have* got through, and it is all owing to Lawrence."

"Did he help you?" asked his wife.

"Yes," said the farmer; "he forwarded the work, I think, a full half-hour, and that just saved us."

Now that is the right kind of interest to take in what your father and mother are doing.

At another time, one night after Georgie and Lawrence had gone to bed, they heard a sort of thumping sound out in the barn.

"Hark!" said Lawrence; "what is that noise?"

Georgie said he thought it could not be anything of consequence, and so he shut his eyes, and prepared to go to sleep. But Lawrence, though he was equally sleepy, felt afraid that something might be the matter with one of the horses; so he got up and went to his father's room, and told his father about the noise. His father immediately rose and dressed himself, and went down to the barn.

"Georgie," said Lawrence, "let us get up too. Perhaps we can help."

"Oh, no," said Georgie, sleepily, "there is nothing that *we* could do."

"I can hold the lantern, at any rate," said Lawrence, "and do some good, perhaps, in that way." So Lawrence dressed himself and went down stairs, while Georgie went to sleep again.

Lawrence got out into the barn just in time to find that the horse had fallen down, and had got entangled in his halter, so that he was in danger of choking to death.

"Ah, Lawrence!" said his father, "you are just in time. I want you to hold the lantern for me."

So Lawrence took the lantern, and held it while his father disentangled the halter, and got the horse up. Lawrence, who was much interested all the time, held the lantern in the best possible way for his father to see.

"That's right," said his father; "hold the lantern so that you can see yourself, and then you may be sure that I can see."

That is the right kind of interest for boys to take in what their father or mother are doing.

That was, in fact, the kind of interest that Bruno took. He was always on the watch for opportunities to do good, and when he saw that he could not do any more good, he was extremely careful not to cause any trouble. He would stand or sit silently by, looking on, or watching what was going forward with great interest, ready to act the moment that he was called upon.

The satisfaction which results from the faithful performance of duty is a very solid and substantial pleasure. It endures long, and has no alloy. There is something manly and noble in the very nature of it, and he who makes it the end and aim of all his efforts in his search for happiness is sure of a rich reward.

Learn from the example of Bruno, then, to find your happiness in the diligent and faithful performance of duty. "Duty first, and pleasure afterwards," is the true rule for all. They who seek pleasure first, or, rather, who look for their happiness in personal and selfish gratifications, lead a very low and groveling life, and never exemplify the true nobleness and dignity to which the human soul should aspire. Nor do they ever attain to any real or permanent happiness. They experience a continual feeling of self-reproach and self-condemnation, which mars all their enjoyments, and adds a fresh ingredient of bitterness to all their sorrows. In a word, they are always dissatisfied with themselves, and he who is dissatisfied with himself can never be happy.

THE END.



